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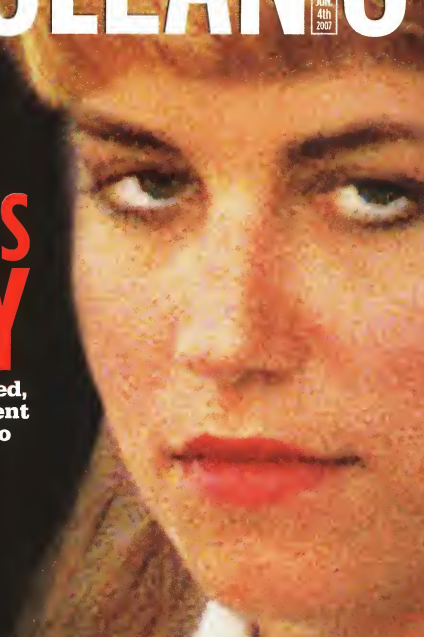
# MACLEAN'S



JUN.  
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## KARLA'S BABY

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The Columnists Aaron Wherry sets the scene from each day's Question Period. [www.macleans.ca/theColumnists](http://www.macleans.ca/theColumnists)  
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TONY COMPER left BMO for a \$100-million retirement, just before a huge loss was revealed

## Expensive new rules, same old board games

For many, the trial of Conrad Black in Chicago represents one last look at the "bad old days" of big business—before Enron, WorldCom and the new focus on corporate governance put an end to such theatrics.

Whatever was brought about Black, the trial provides ample evidence that the board of directors at Hollinger International, which included such luminaries as Henry Kissinger, senior economist Martin J. Sklar and James Thompson, the former Illinois governor, was surprisingly lax in its oversight duties. Thompson's claim that he never did separate references to the crucial non-union price contracts between the "discarded" documents suggests the board didn't take his play very seriously, or he saw and didn't object to the clause at the time, only to change his tune later. It's not a big range of options. But the bigger issue is how far behind us these bad old days really are.

The fastest response to evidence of lax corporate governance was the U.S.'s 2002 Sarbanes-Oxley Act, which mandated greater scrutiny of walk-in and enhanced responsibility for management and boards. New Canadian rules have largely mirrored the U.S. innovation. Like any new policy, its effect can be measured in costs and benefits to investors and business.

The costs are obvious, staggering. According to a recent U.S. survey, in 2006 the expense of running Sarbanes-Oxley compliance was \$360 million per company. A University of Waterloo economist pegged the economy-wide costs at US\$1.4 trillion. Business leaders on both sides of the border complain they spend as

much time reviewing past performance that they have much less time to plan future strategy and growth. The revenues are also being blamed for North America's shrinking role in global capital markets, as businesses look for places to locate their shares where they won't be assumed to be criminals. And the expense and distraction of these new regulations have no doubt contributed to the rise in private equity buyouts. As some firms such as Chrysler and perhaps RGE disappear from stock exchanges, individual investors lose their opportunity to participate in them.

What, however, is so more difficult to pin down? No act of regulation can ever eliminate the possibility of corporate fraud, mismanagement or error. Good managers and directors look out for shareholders, bad managers and directors don't. Case in point: last week the Bank of Montreal posted its pre-tax loss in natural gas trading at \$680 million, up from the \$420 million it estimated a month earlier. It is the largest trading loss in Canadian history and we doubt the full extent of this matter has been revealed. But consider that two months prior to this historic announcement, Tony Comper departed as president and CEO of the bank with a \$175-million pension and stock and option worth another \$75 million. Despite our tough new era of corporate governance, as one has mentioned that Comper might have some responsibility for this mess. Or that he could contribute to clearing it up. And where was the board of directors at all this?

We can't help thinking that these good old days look a whole lot like those bad old days, only worse. ■

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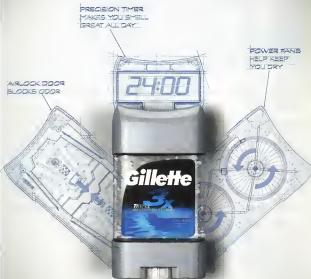
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## 'Why do protesters, as sincere as they may be, rally against the actions of democratic nations like Canada?'



MENNONITE Christian beliefs include an open dialogue with Muslim clerical students

thing she asked me to bring from her home was Mennonites. Thank you for providing her with many wonderful years of reading. Dennis Poulton, *Winnipeg*

### INCENDIARY PEACE TALKS

WE BEGAN TO READ with enthusiasm the article concerning Canada's Mennonite Central Committee and its peace initiative with the Islamic Khawass Education and Research Institute in Qana, Iran ("You've been talking to who?" National, May 31). However, it quickly became apparent to us that those who espouse MCC's efforts have not had much contact with Mennonites. Nick Cebalbaum, MCC's Qatar program director, was right when he said, "Peace is built by people talking." A core value of being Mennonite is the adherence to the doctrine of nonresistance. How can the meeting between one of the most peaceful groups in history and the leaders of what some say is the most violent group be a bad thing? Is not silence and a lack of peaceful discussion the reason why 9/11 occurred, why the Holocaust was so widespread, why abuse and atrocities in Rwanda and Darfur occur? The odds are not meant to get to know humans as a whole (another worthy goal), but to try to show peaceful alternatives with others who may or may not be violent.

Jordan and Anne Brown, *Halifax*

WE ARE GRATEFUL that Markov's has given attention to our efforts to dispel chaotic mistrust and build understanding with reli-

gious leaders in Iran. This is often a risky and painful process, but we are convinced by our faith and experience that engaging in ongoing, respectful dialogue is far more likely to result in lasting peace than ignoring, silencing or denigrating those with whom we differ. In that same spirit, we hope to learn from those who object to our upcoming conference in Waterloo, Ont., and are in dialogue with those who have contacted us: Wacey Parkins, President, Central United University College, Waterloo, Ont., and Donald Peters, Executive Director, Mennonite Central Committee Canada, Winnipeg.

### IN PASSING

**Salanda King, 51, actress.** Daughter of Martin Luther King Jr., she appeared in numerous civil rights-themed films and TV programs. In a 1978 documentary about her father's life, she took the role of Coretta Scott King. She also worked as a motivational speaker and acted in less political fare, including *The Dukes* (4/1).

**Edwin Jernigan, 79, entrepreneur.** The founder of Canada's first mobile television operation, he strong-armed military bases into selling his *Loveline*, *One*, *Mad* and *The 99th* and *Canada's Next Top Model* to his *Edwin's* homes. By 1974, his Canadian Cablevision had served 180,000 customers in southern Ontario. *Edwin's* Communications acquired the firm in 1977.

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## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF STEPHEN HARPER

On Friday, after weeks of finding old opposition attacks over his party's treatment of charges of Afghan detainee abuse, Harper invited journalists to rendezvous at a military hangar on Sunday to join him for a surprise visit to Kabul. Early Sunday, Harper met with President Hamid Karzai to publicly broadcast Canada's good works in the war-torn country. As additional proof, Harper spent some time handling real prison cases at a Canadian-supported school for poor children.



## Good news

### Checkups for MDs

If you've ever wondered about the skill and reliability of your hospital, you'll be glad to know that Canada's long-standing policy of licensing medical centres is slowing. Ontario recently announced it will require hospitals to publicly report so-called "adverse events"—medical mistakes that harm patients, from misdiagnoses to botched surgeries. Now, Alberta has signalled it may go down the same road. Extensive history has long been one of the ugly traditions of Canada's health-care system, preventing the public from knowing which hospitals have the best and worst records when it comes to patient care. It's time the health-care system embraced the principle of openness and accountability required of other public institutions. After all, it's our money, we'll pay for it. If nothing else, it'll provide some interesting reading.

### Creative justice

A judge in Australia awarded net damages—\$400,000—to an 18-year-old who claimed that a schoolyard bully ruined his life forever. The ruling suggested the usual premises around the world as "crack downs on bullies." Some actions were laudable (bullies in league, Ore., are offering major league baseball tickets to students who help combat bullying) while other ideas were not so bright (Grade 4 boys in Quebec, who were ordered to write an essay on and sex after verbally abusing a classmate) but the best solution came from a mom in California, who ordered her bullying 13-year-old daughter to stand in front of different schools carrying a poster: "I engaged in bullying behavior," the sign read. "I got suspended from school. Don't

be like me. Stop bullying." Think goodness for those parents who are smart as a whip.

### Of hair-raising value

Scientists at the University of Pennsylvania announced that baldness, the bane of middle-aged men, might be reversible. Think God. Coming on the heels of the news of few wigs designed to look like a female version of Wolverine, it's not the miracle, science has had a hairy year raising some of men's most intractable problems. Now that that epidemic is solved, that hair working as a natural-once-over to something even more important, like curing the beer belly or inventing a perfect solution for those who are less than well-endowed.

### Cleaning the web

Cyberporn is finally getting a little less hazardous for known sexual predators. On Myspace, social networking site, Myspace.com recently related to a group of U.S. attorneys general who requested information about registered sex offenders using the site. Myspace, popular among teens, agreed to take down the profiles of roughly 7,000 known predators, and to hand over their email and Internet protocol addresses. The assistance will help a proposed law now before the U.S. Congress that would require operators of sex offenders to register their email addresses with authorities, and would create a felony to misrepresent one's age online with the intent of sexually abusing a child. Who uploaded back measures? What's the point of a registry if not to use it to protect personal victims?

### Sam's the man

Used this week, Sam Mitchell of the Toronto Raptors was the low-

est paid head coach in the NBA. On Monday, Mitchell, who was named NBA coach of the year in April, resigned with the Raptors for a reported four years and US\$12 million. This was particularly sweet because the Mitchell who, only a year ago, was named the NBA's worst coach (see *Blackboard gold*). In a league dominated by media-created, anything-coaches, we can't think of anyone more worthy of an American-style paycheck than the Raptors' straight talking boss.

### Igniting the right

The movement to secure the right may have been a flag, like it was seeking compared to the challenge of finding a shared. A small group of angry conservatives, who feel betrayed by the Harper government's environmental policies and its overtures to Quebec, is trying to form its own party dedicated to low taxes, small government and an end to official bilingualism. According to the group's spokesmen, an Ottawa-area music teacher, the final straw

## FACE OF THE WEEK



CONFLICTED: World Bank president Paul Wulff was forced to postpone to resign over a big raise he allegedly gave his girlfriend

## Bad news

was the recent parliamentary hurdle over Canada's world-class playing hockey team who was accused by members of the Bloc Québécois of carrying an anti-French slur years ago. We're positive with his situation, but the only thing sadder than the Dean office is using it as a rallying cry for a new party.

### Pipe dreams

The confusion surrounding the proposed Macdonald Valley pipeline peaked last week, with conflicting reports over whether the federal government might invest in the troubled project. Indian Affairs Minister Jim Prentice says Ottawa will not risk a decade, but others are hopeful the government might pony up cash to improve the \$16.5-billion project, now that private lenders have pulled their money out of the deal. Harper's hanging "practice storm" claim. The financial risk is enormous, and the process is holed up in the endless jockeying over Aboriginal treaty rights. A true solution to assure debt-free progress on land claims and improved living conditions—not just more talk.

### Mo' \$, mo' problems

Ured now, British Columbia's Ured was among the worst paid provincial politicians, and worth every penny, in the view of the panicked public. This changed last week when the government accepted a commission's recommendation to restore a political pension plan, give members 25-per-cent hikes, and bump up by \$4 per cent. But the high dollar came when Op. 1000000 NIP leader Carole James rejected the increase, only to face a caucus backlash. Then she said they'd

vote against the bill. Just well—with heavy losses—except the money, but despite their claims to charity. To take your pick, people at C-36 or 36-36.

### Raising ghosts

This week, the cockpit voice recording from the 1998 Swiss Air Flight 111 crash was released, after a lengthy legal battle by the Canadian Press. A transcript of the tape was released years ago, but the tape itself was withheld after their information consultant, John Hall, ruled it constituted a needless invasion of the pilot's privacy. Hall later reversed his position, but we think he was right the first time. Transparency and accountability are important, but the tapes provided no probative value beyond what was in the messages. That's all blue to the families served only the media's media curiosity.

### Underneath it all

When it comes to immigration, Ottawa has its priorities back to back. On one hand, the Tories have obliged a bill to bar foreign strippers from working in Canada. On the other, they approved an Edmonton company's application to open a security guard-training school in Singapore, Sri Lanka, India and the Philippines. The headless arm of the company has no way to force women from exploitation and forced prostitution. The result, however, will either curb the unscrupulous field to home-grown women, or force immigrants to work illegally, making them even more vulnerable. As for training their security to those from countries not authorized with recognition, well, good luck. The cops, one suspects, have less to hide. And, after the second song, no place to hide it. ■

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What do I  
Don't know  
Personal  
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Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> 1992  
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 of the year I probably  
 wont but its worth  
 a try I guess I wont  
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 make it just nervous  
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 wait I already want  
 to come home I miss

# ANNA NICOLE'S AFTERLIFE

Pages from some of Anna Nicole Smith's handwritten diaries were released by Universal Auction House in Los Angeles. The diaries span the period from 1991 to 1994. The model, Playmate of the Year and star of reality TV, was diagnosed with her second bout with depression in Feb. 9 from a toxic mix of prescription drugs. The diaries were purchased from a memorabilia shop by a group of investors. Earlier this year, a Texas businessman bought two of the diaries plus other Anna Nicole items on eBay for more than US\$500,000. A reader requested entries detailing her relationship with her husband, Vicki Lynn Hagen, 40, who she met while working as a young woman in Florida at her parents' business and exchanged from a teenage mother. They never cohabited from divorce—"I'm so excited I could scream. AHHH! I just feel so happy"—to depression. "I'm very sad person."

The result of emotions foreshadowed her tumultuous life. In 1994, the strip-club star-turned model married 66-year-old billionaire Howard Hughes. After his death she fought a legal battle with his son through the American court system for a share of the oil tycoon's estate. The case, which landed in the U.S. Supreme Court, is still unresolved. In 2006, her 30-year-old son died of a combination of misadventures and methadone in her hospital room, just days after Anna Nicole gave birth to a girl named Dannielynn. After a series of raucous court hearings, with entertainment channels vying for exclusive interviews from all the players, custody of her daughter was recently awarded to the father, comedian Larry Birkhead. Smith, who wanted to be "the next Marilyn Monroe," is now emulating the late actress in death. Her Monroe, everything that once touched Smith is being swept by her. Her "Heaven" is now just sold for US\$5,585, while a cheque would be nearly US\$400.

CHARLES SHOOTER/REUTERS; UNIVERSAL; BARBUT/DAAP



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I HATE  
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 worthy.  
 5-31-92



## 'One woman landed a Swedish nanny. She'd crow about it. It was akin to telling cute anecdotes about your weekend place.'

LUCY KAYLIN TALKS WITH ANNE KINGSTON ABOUT NANNIES AND RACE, MOTHERS' DELUSIONS AND BOUNDARIES

**Q** There's a cultural fascination with the nanny right now—Nanny 911, The Nanny Diaries, and books like your new *The Perfect Stranger: The Truth about Mothers and Nannies, which plumbs the complicated, often fraught relationship between a woman and her nanny*. What's going on?

A Under a certain amount of women are turning to the nanny option. Daycare is no longer sufficient for many working mothers. If they work late hours and have business dinner and what not, it isn't going to be enough. It's also a hot topic because the nanny wars are raging—there's more open dialogue now than ever before about the rights and wrongs of going back to work or staying home. So, in that sense, the nanny option is gaining traction. A nanny is an exchange going covers you for your kids in it's about planning your life more as a professional. Would that it weren't the case—I wish more men would lay down their arms and support each other.

Q You write about how having a nanny for working women is confined to the story lines of race and class, using stereotypes as "social armor as casually as gun belts and tear gas helmets."

A Yes. So many of us, especially in New York City, consider ourselves good liberals. But it's shocking how biases are revealed when selecting a nanny. People do describe

all sorts of traits to various ethnicities. My nanny, Rily, has called me out about how Jaracica do things go your way versus the Trinidadian way do things another way, and women from, Jaracica doing things another way. We all come from cultures that have values and attitudes about child-rearing, so it's not so much a reason, but it still can make you uncomfortable when mothers talk about poisoning one race over another.

Q You describe a status hierarchy where white nannies come from and salaries drop as women become progressively darker.

A Yes. White nannies just ask for and get a much higher wage. I write about how one woman who landed in Ireland, Swedish nanny would pay more about it. It was also to tell cute anecdotes about your weekend place.

Q It also explores how money middle-class and upper-middle-class women aren't comfortable with the nature of servants. They do want to come across as decent and pay could they often avoid making important, tough choices.

A On one hand, there's this issue that a nanny has ridden in an SUV that charger when you were completely overwhelmed, a new working mom who might not know a lot about child care. But there's an equal level of self-delusion and denial on the part of the mother that shows up in women not knowing the last name of the nanny or not checking their references. There's such a leap of faith involved that women who are crisscrossing in any other area of their lives can

be surprisingly glib and out to lunch. It's hard for a lot of women to accept the fact that they are bringing someone in to help raise their kids. Not only are you feeling insecure about giving over so much of that important job to someone else, but there's a lot of fear associated with that—not knowing if the woman is going to be able to keep them out of harm's way, or in so good and true as you think she is based on very little evidence.

Plus there's discomfort about being a boss and having this woman, who might be from a Third World country, in your home taking care of your kids. It's really loaded.

Q A way a lot of women serve in is in the role of their nannies as friends or even sisters. It's understandable given the fact you're bringing in someone to work in the intimacy of your home.

A Yes, absolutely. In fact many of mothers who did not want to go the nanny route soon, partly because I like like I had to accept the decisions that I'd made, and I felt I had to say on her from after then maybe I wasn't as comfortable as I thought I was with bringing someone in to help me with this thing. You have to make peace with yourself about the choice that you've made, and I think part of this is accepting that you're a lost friend and you're not going to be there thinking there is to know about her. I don't think the courts would hold if there wasn't a certain amount of respectful boundaries

maintained. It's a grave mistake a mother makes to think that the nanny is there for the fun of it or that she can take anything that you throw at her. Part of the job of these women is to take it seriously and I think you have to be checking yourself constantly and saying, "Is this fair?"

Q You write about "the surrealized middle and upper classes coming more at home serving a class that taking a crash at the increasingly ancient art of parenting." One mom you give is a woman who acts as a social secretary and a social secretary for the parents in their up, then disappearing.

A There are all sorts of examples you see. Like the nanny having to come out to the big house in the Hamptons on the weekend, and the mother who wants to go have lunch with her friends who has her friends bring their kids over and dump them at the house in the guise of a play date—but actually it's free babysitting for everybody. And if it's a week end house and the nanny is kind of engaged there. Where else is she going to go? How is she going to draw the line when she is sometimes having to sleep in a room with the baby?

Q A paradox that runs through the book is that everyone says there's nothing more important than raising children, yet we have a system where children are called "the global labor trap," where you have women trading much wealthier women's children while their own children are being cared for by others in another country. So child-care workers in North America become another dimension of the need of American women to achieve equality.

**A** Absolutely. There are all sorts of paradoxical issues involved with the nanny and the home now in the First World versus the Third World. When you allow yourself to think about can be deeply troubling, and then you think about the fact of things usually playing out in a vacuum with your own home. You're at your office with colleagues and there might be some value in putting in an extra 15 minutes of working around you or maybe going out for a drink, and in the back of your mind you realize you've got that woman at home who can pick up the slack and do the cooking and do the laundry and do the reading and do the feeding. And you can decide that you're more an executive today and late a mom. And that's a slippery slope. There's the potential for exploring her for neglecting your children, for short-changing yourself as a mother. There's no end of temptation to let that happen.

And we do have that incredible luxury—which is one way to look at it—of just kind of

giving over all that stuff to this woman who has to make the stuff badly and who isn't there for your kids in a way that truly, maybe you are not.

Q There's a definite irony in the fact the working mother's job always erases the nanny.

A [Laughs] Yeah, there is. Q You write about my being affected when you went to pay her services, which indicates how much you are about placing a monetary value on caring labor.

A Yeah. We've had issues that sometimes make you uncomfortable about having to acknowledge that reality, or I mean, this is about money. Obviously it wouldn't be with us if we couldn't pay her. The way I often imagine my anxiety about this is looking at my own work and the fact that I wouldn't be at Marie Claire if they didn't pay me, but I have a huge emotional investment in it. So it strikes me as being not necessarily detrimental on my part to think that there is a significant emotional component for my, even though the primary reason she's with us is because we pay her a living wage.

Q What makes the nanny market so much more complicated than other markets—and this woman to connect there—is the fact that it's the children who bear the brunt of it? It breaks down. It isn't simply an exchange of labor and money.

A Yeah, that's the thing. And my heart really goes out to women who are trying to do both and to have babies, who feel so grateful for having been born at a time when it is possible for women to work their lives, but the reality really must be that when it's baby-making time. And no matter when anybody says about race and how much more involved they want to be with the child care, it still falls to the mother to make sure the whole thing is hanging together and that everybody's functioning well and happy and taken care of.

I think a lot of it has to do with the biological imperative. You are pregnant with that kid and you give birth to that kid and you may well be devastated that kid and you're reborn so that that kid for a few months, and I think that that sets the stage for where's going to be the primary parent of your relationship with the child. And we're all aware of that, and we're all anxious about it. I've had a horrible consciousness when I watch the same abortion mother or the one that wasn't quite there for the going on the field trips, or I didn't quite get the other mother's issues straight, and you feel the need to get, you feel the pressure, you feel like you're leaving somebody down.

Q You call the book "a plea for abortion from the gods, the first, the pursuing unknown

lessor that come with enduring the joy of a nanny." Do you think that's possible?

A It's essential that you have basic, revocable guidelines. A reason I have seen so many mothers make a huge gap that phase when they feel like the nanny might be there for the fun of it, or because she's so loving and sweet and tender to the children she feels like she's not going to mind that much if you just sort of show up as a house wife or fall to call or you start pushing the limits of what is really appropriate.

You have to live in this woman on call for you and not off-the-clock to do anything that the household needs, or is the taking care of your children?

Q You end the book on an apocalyptic note, saying that you feel that your nanny—My wife



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always be a part of your family. If you're not going to be able to say her forever, correct?

A Right. I worked hard on that line to make it as honest as I possibly could. I didn't want to be Pollyanna or delusional or vague. "Of course we're a family because," that's why I said "for now." I absolutely could experience when the children didn't need her the way they do now. I don't even if it could be forever, but God knows I could really use the money that she's paying her. I also understand that there are a lot of variables and we just sort of have to see what happens. It pains me to think about it. ■

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**NATIONAL**

While consumers are trusted and honored, Canadians will be least upset Health Canada is keeping them safe. A key element in that intention has to be ensuring that products come from reasonably well-run facilities, both in Canada and abroad. The NHPD's six licensing stages require companies to file paperwork confirming that they meet "good manufacturing practice" standards. About 600 sites in Canada where products are manufactured, packaged, labelled and imported are now licensed. Companies must also vouch for the foreign plants where they source their products.

But enforcement is hardly haphazard. In a Health Canada official said the department "has a 'zest' in the early stages of exploring" the possibility of inspecting Canadian sites. As for foreign suppliers, the official said there were "no international agreements in place" for co-operation with health authorities in countries like China. He said that many natural products sold here originate in Asia. After the pet food can contamination uproar, concern is spreading in the U.S. where natural health food stores are not regulated, about vitamins coming from China. Peter Kovacs, former president of Nutritional Science, warned in the *Washington Post* that 50 per cent of the vitamin E consumed in the U.S. comes from China. "Much of it is contaminated and some of it is questionable quality."

Meanwhile, two big U.S. food companies, Mission Foods and All-Tylen Foods, are reportedly going to warn their customers of Chinese ingredients, including vitamins. And Europe narrowly avoided disaster earlier this spring when vitamins A from China was discovered to be tainted with harmful bacteria before it was added to infant formula. While these concerns focus on lower vitamins present as food additives, it seems only a matter of time before attention spreads to the vitamins for those packaged as dietary supplements for consumers.

Sail, Wadlington said the NYPD also

licensing rules give him confident offshore sources are clean, and that Canadian exporters are properly tracking their ingredients through distant supply chains. "What they are providing us with is the paperwork," he said, "behind the processes that are in place."

This may not give Canadian consumers much comfort. Neither will the results of a 2006 study by a team of University of Toronto researchers, including those, of attitudes towards the natural products industry toward the regulations. Among large companies they found, "many suggested little employee investment in food safety." One company official was quoted as saying, "food safety is not a core business resource to be polioing about, so if

Sorting tablets by means, where Health Canada can't reach



## POLICING THE INDUSTRY WILL DEPEND ON PEOPLE SNITCHING

reality is they are going to rely on people switching, and the real worry has not typically switched on each other."

Defenders of the NLEPD say consumers are still far ahead of where they were when there were no rules at all. "I look at it as a before-and-after picture," Boon said. "Before these products were already on the market and we had no quality control and no manufacturing standards in place." "To what degree Consumers careenly react to those control and standards, however, clearly remains a debatable to the claims on the bottles bearing the new federal license numbers. ■

## TORTURE PROMISING A NEW ERA IN AFGHANISTAN

"No Afghan, regardless of his status, will be tortured. It's a commitment the Afghan people would want me to make to the rest of the world. I will assure the Canadian people that if there is any such incident, Afghans will be the first to take me to task on it. Take my guarantee to the Canadian people as that." —Afghan President Hamid Karzai, during a visit to Kabul by Prime Minister Stephen Harper on Tuesday



# GUNS IN THE SUN

### Escalating violence may be making Mexican vacations too risky

**BY JOHN INTINI** — By now, most Canadians know the sad story of Jeff Towns, the 34-year-old Grande Prairie, Alta., man who died of massive heart illness while vacationing in Mexico earlier this month. But far less has been said about another deadly incident in downtown Cancun, just four days before Towns suffered his fatal misfortune.

On May 1, Ricardo Somoza, Cancun's police chief, was driving in a truck along the city's main street when a group of men blocked his vehicle's path and opened fire. The attack took place just a few kilometers from the stylish beach resorts that have thousands of Canadian tourists and spring break revelers every year. Somoza escaped with his life, but one of his bodyguards died at the scene. Only one of his assailants was apprehended.

While most Canadians have been focused on whether Texas died in an accidental fall from his hotel's second floor balcony, in Mexican socialist politician, or was the victim of shooting, his family suspects the much larger pursuit has been ignored. Mexico is in the midst of a deepening drug war between two murderous cartels, and the bullets are flying faster than ever to the vacation hot spots frequented by non-starved nonmen and when trouble erupts, local police are often little help. More and more, a family trip to sunny Mexico might not be a north-bound "Five Days of Sunshine" of these men's lined up and shot, who wants to take the chance?" says Roger Buckley, the director of the Center for Latin American Studies at the University of Miami. "Who wants to send their kid to take that chance?"

Turns out that the drinking water isn't the only thing tourists have to worry about when visiting Mexico. Guests are becoming increasingly dangerous as they battle for control of lucrative drug routes—displaying the severed heads of police officers and robbing public life en masse. One night last fall, for instance, the father of a 4-year-old in the city of Uruapan, a hotbed of drug wars, and his wife, a group of men, dressed in military garb and brandishing machine guns, stormed and ransacked several homes into the dead of night.

The past 18 months have proven especially deadly for Canadians in Mexico. The highest-profile case involves the murders of Toronto

SOME ARE DEMANDING THAT OTTAWA TELL CANADIANS THE TRUTH AND ISSUE A WARNING.



**POLICE** in Mexico City make drug arrests

and Nuyorican Bussies, the Woodbridge, Calif., couple who had their dramatic fall in their room at a resort near Playa del Carmen in February 2006. A couple of months ago, two Costa Ricans from the Niquira Falls region got caught in the condenser while a gannet fired a semi-automatic weapon into the lobby of the hotel in Acapulco where they were staying. That attack, which left bullet wounds in the legs of both victims, contrasted a few weeks after year-end at Adam De Pineda, from Woodbridge, Calif., died midweek on Acapulco's rocky (M). The local police determined the cause of his death to be a shot and run. Family and friends, however, suspect that DePineda was targeted by locals and then fatally beaten—a theory that was backed up by the show by a local official.

Foreign Affairs reports that 33 Canadians have been murdered in Mexico since January 2009. And of the 2,131 Canadians who reported being assaulted on foreign soil between 2000 and 2006, Mexico tops the list with 179 cases, followed by China (105) and Cuba (82). Even factoring in the popularity of Mexico as a vacation destination—faster than a million Canadians scribbled out on Mexican beachfront last year—is still mind-boggling, behead only China, with the highest percentage of incidents per visit.

And with the war between Mexico's two major drug cartels—the Gulf cartel and the Sinaloa cartel—brewing up, things aren't getting any better. The violence isn't meant to intimidate tourists, says Jorge Chalcut, a drug and security specialist at the Center for Economic Research and Training in Mexico City, but “people see the news and say, ‘Oh oh I’m going to a place where somebody is killing somebody a kilometre from the hotel!’”

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But a crackdown by Vicente Fox's government about two years ago led to several high-profile arrests and an imbalance in the ranks, resulting in the current turf war. More than 400 people have died in the drug-related violence in Mexico so far this year, and the body count rises daily. Police chiefs are being picked off—in many cases, say experts, not for cracking down on drugs, but because they're on the take from a real gang. And resort towns, which offer a sanitized version of life in Mexico, are increasingly at the heart of the action. That's because, say experts, the main corridor for drug trafficking is up the Pacific coast, and tourists provide a well-heeled market.

In an effort to protect investment in the country and his predominantly billion-dollar tourism business, current President Felipe Calderón has deployed more than 20,000 troops to some of the worst-affected areas in the country (almost a third have been sent to Acapulco).

But, as the front pages of the local dailies in Mexico indicate, his efforts have done very little to rein in the violence. And the local cops are all but useless in the fight. "You cannot count on the police to investigate and find the culprits," says Bagley. "They are not First World police forces. They are rife with petty corruption. And some of the higher-ups are deeply involved in drug-related corruption and trafficking."

Canada's Conservative government, however, has been tread[ing] softly in their dealings with Mexico since these cases—first, no doubt, of the political and economic fall-out that may occur by alienating a NAFTA partner. On its website, Foreign Affairs warns Canadians travelling to Mexico that "crimes, including armed robbery, purse-snatching and pickpocketing, occur frequently," and that "Canadians have been victims of random shootings in areas notorious for drug trafficking." Since 1984, Mexico has been slapped with five warnings from Canada—four for bad weather, one for political reasons. "They're not talking to you," says Bagley. "To dodge the AR-15s, the bazookas and the grenade launchers that these guys use."

According to Helene Georges, Canada's secretary of state (foreign affairs), the government will only issue a travel warning in the case of a natural disaster, civil unrest, or if there's proof that Canadians are specifically being targeted. That has left many wondering just how bad the Mexican drug war

has to get before the government sees fit to formally warn Canadians about it. Liberal foreign affairs critic Ujjal Dosanjh scolded Canadian officials for possibly misjudging the situation this year. "I'm worried not about the actual crime sometimes—I'm worried about how it's handled sometimes," he says.

The RCMP has a full-time liaison officer stationed in Mexico City, but due to the mutual legal assistance treaty that exists between the two countries, the officer can



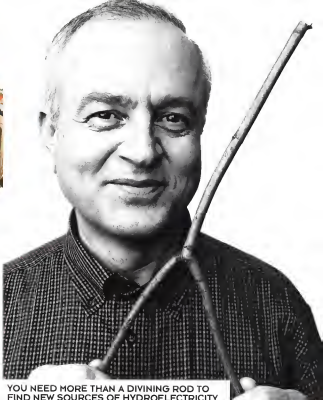
IN PROTECTED PHASE: Left, The Galtsova family; Murray and Greg Towse, friends of the Isenaro family (right)

only take part in a local investigation at the request of Mexican authorities. While his involvement was requested last year as the case of the Isenaro murders, it should come as no surprise that the police don't ring very often. "The police force from either country should be free to be part of an investigation," says Dosanjh. "Not tried it, but at least be allowed."

Still, Canadians haven't been scared away. Six per cent of Canadians polled in February said that they would avoid Mexico in a vacation destination because of the more crimes committed against tourists. And Christine Thibierge, the president of the Association of Canadian Travel Agents, says tourists could suffer if problems in Mexico persist. ALTA has lobbied Foreign Affairs Minister Peter MacKay to put more pressure on the Mexican government to fully investigate every case involving Canadians. "Facts and timelines are critical to the truth," says Thibierge. "People have to know what is happening there. We're concerned that's not really happening."

Others have grown tired of waiting for action. A couple of months ago, Jim Karygiannis, the Liberal MP for Scarborough—Agincourt, sent a letter to all of his constituents with a simple message: "Throwing to Mexico for March fools!" I would think about it twice. "While incidents can happen anywhere, there's no denying that some places are a lot more dangerous than others." ■

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<p><b>GOING VINES</b></p>					

## Helena is found, but not home yet

**BY CHARLIE GILLER** • Eighteen months after her brother spirited her away to Britain without her husband's knowledge, a Nova Scotia woman who suffers from Alzheimer's disease has been found in north Yorkshire, many miles from the roads and family in Canada that she'll soon be leaving home.

Helena Munroe, 61, is now under the care of a public guardian while U.K. officials have convened a panel to determine her future. She was discovered at a long-term care facility by Canadian consular officials following her mysterious departure from her home in Lunenburg, N.S. She was said to be in satisfactory physical condition, yet agitated, confused and frequently sad. "I think there are wonderful developments," said Munroe's husband, Sandy, "but I'm immensely concerned—worried to tears, really—by the description of her emotional state."

While Munroe's return by no means necessarily, she panel could scarcely ignore the human history that led her to England. In 1998, during a visit from Britain by her brother, Mark Pope, who, under the pretense of taking his sister out to lunch, loaded her on a plane and departed for London. That despite a power of attorney document that Helen had signed assigning responsibility for her care to her husband.

Pope made his sister's last winter that he was treating his sister from an "overly controlled" atmosphere, that doctors and experts have come forward to say Sandy was providing excellent care. Sandy is particularly concerned by repeated concerns in North Yorkshire do not have her Canadian medical records, which Pope's attorney claimed to hold.

Meanwhile, Ottawa appears to be taking a dimmer view of the case. While provinces in Nova Scotia seem reluctant to treat the matter as a crime, Foreign Affairs Minister Peter MacKay voiced sympathy in recent interviews for Sandy Munroe's "heartfelt misgivings," saying the government would try to help.



**HELENA:** A lifetime history led her to England

## Evacuating Canadians an annual affair?

**BY MICHAEL PRIMOGRANTI** • The numbers are inescapable. Last summer, the federal government spent more than \$12 million to evacuate 14,982 Canadian citizens from the Lebanon war zone. As for the rest of the decade, it depends on the source. For MacKay, the flow-up affairs routinely: doubled the rescue efforts in "one of Canada's finest hours." Almost everyone else seemed to think it was a national disgrace. Not only did the first batch of boats arrive days later than those of our allies, but many people back home were wondering why we even bothered to send the fleet. After all, if Canadians choose to travel—or live—in dangerous places, why should fellow taxpayers bail them out?

Prime Minister would be wise to start preparing an answer to that question. Less than a year after Israel's jet-bombarded Hezbollah targets, Lebanon is once again on the verge of war. At least 60 people have been killed in clashes between Lebanese troops and members of Hezbollah, an al-Qaeda-inspired militant group. An ominous message, Canadian living in the region—including thousands who returned to the country just weeks after the last evacuation—are wondering whether it's time to start packing their bags for the second time in nine months.

Foreign Affairs says yes. "We've advised against all non-essential travel to Lebanon," reads the department's latest travel advisory. "Canadian already in Tripoli should consider leaving, if they can do so safely. The situation is highly dangerous and unpredictable, and



**SHOULD Lebanese Canadians expect another Ottawa rescue?**

could deteriorate further without warning." If things do deteriorate, Foreign Affairs will be forced to act. But for now, says spokeswoman Borden Moore, federal bureaucrats aren't drawing up shelter plans millions of dollars evacuation plan. If Canadians want to leave Lebanon, they will have to call a travel agency, not the embassy.

## Paradise is \$15 an hour and a pizza

**BY MICHAEL SCHULER** • Not long ago, a class of Grade 8 students on an outing to a Port MacMurray, Alta., youth employment office marveled at how much they would make bussing tables or making the beds at the local grocery. \$14.40—over double the \$7



**WHEN YOUNG PEOPLE think of job offers, they think Port Mac**

minimum wage. Not bad for a 12-year-old. "They're pretty excited," says Danielle Cormack, of the Service Canada Center for Youth. "They're trying to add it all up—\$15 for four hours... what would that be?"

In a province where the minimum wage is \$12 (compared, say, to 14 in Ontario and 16 in Manitoba), local Port Mac youths, with free room and board courtesy of their parents, are the chosen. And for university students liberated from their studies and looking for summer employment, Port Mac is beguiling, a place of peaceful work, abundant bonuses, and instant travel agency. "Canadian already in Tripoli should consider leaving, if they can do so safely. The situation is highly dangerous and unpredictable, and

Yit despite high wages, life at night. The average bachelor comes to \$1,050 a month—\$1,114 for a one bedroom. While some businesses offer housing or hefty subsidies, many students work late in times or late people in common. Sheriff McKeay, director of YMCA Youth Connections, recently issued one caveat with a low-bed camper van that he could rent the extra beds. "Not worthy," he said. "I'm thinking about it."

# The long arm of Charles Taylor versus the law

**His trial may spell an end to the African Big Man, and new hope for a continent**

BY MICHAEL PETROU

**S**erra Leone's civil war first came to Ishmael Beah's village in 1996, when he was 10 years old, and he has begun to stream through town. The children among them refused to meet anyone's eyes, and they panted at the sound of chopping wood or music bouncing off its radio. "It was evident that they had seen something that played their minds, something that we would refuse to accept if they told us all of it," Beah says. Three years later, he discovered what this was. While he and some friends were visiting a nearby village, the Revolutionary United Front, a rebel group that had launched the war by invading Sierra Leone from neighboring Liberia, attacked their hometown and nearby villages. The RUF massacred almost everyone, but they sent a few survivors ahead with their fingers or limbs chopped off and the words "RUF" carved on their skin as war trophies as a warning to others.

Beah fled into the jungle and would eventually survive the war. Tens of thousands of Sierra Leoneans did not. Most were children. The atrocities continued against women and children during the conflict: war to arrange that even to describe them feels obscene. Thousands were murdered, mutilated and drawn from their homes. Women and girls were raped or sold into slavery. The bodies of pregnant women were sliced open and the heads of fetuses were impaled on spikes for the amusement of young warlords.

Perhaps worst of all, the war—with all its attendant horror—was fought in large part by children. The RUF stole crops and livestock from families, recruited boys and girls. The boys were used as fighters and the girls



as soldiers, "both wives" and camp followers. New recruits were often forced to murder their own parents before joining the rebels. This made them numb and, vicious, as did suppressing the cannibalism practiced by some of their leaders, and the cocaine and amphetamine issues that they constantly ingested. By the time British intervention helped defeat the RUF and the war in 2002, countless children had been brutalized, and one-third Sierra Leone's population had been displaced, and as many as 300,000 people were dead.

Next month, Charles Taylor, the former president of Liberia and the man many hold ultimately responsible for some of the worst horrors of the war, will face trial in The Hague at the UN-backed Special Court for Sierra Leone, which is tasked with trying those from both sides of the conflict who bear the "greatest responsibility" for war crimes and crimes against humanity committed during the conflict. The prosecution alleges that Taylor, first as the leader of a major armed group in Liberia, the National Patriotic Front of Liberia, and then as its country president, and the RUF and allied militias to take control of large swaths of Sierra Leone, especially in

discarded mining areas. It alleges that he had ultimate command of these fighters, that he armed and trained them, that they were loyal to him, and that he is therefore responsible for the "unspeakable" means "they used to achieve and hold onto power and physical control over the people of Sierra Leone."

"These criminal means involved the commission of terror warfare against the civilian population of Sierra Leone, including widespread and continuing killings, rapes, beatings and mutilations, enslavement of the civilian population for use as fighters, 'both wives' and forced labor, looting and burning of civilian property. Children were used to carry out these criminal campaigns and in some instances," reads the Office of the Prosecutor's pre-arrest brief.

The case has earned international media attention. Almost 50 countries are funding the court, which is presided over by international and Sierra Leonean judges. Canada, one of the largest donors, has given more than \$6 million, and has also enlisted prominent human rights groups and NGOs are now joining the Taylor trial as a step toward ending the era of the unspeakable African Big

Man, of whom many say the court suffered by the worst atrocities can confirm their past, and that even heads of state can be held accountable for their actions.

Confronting Taylor, however, depends on finding members of his inner circle who are willing to testify against him. Many are now, having mysteriously died, or are unwilling to take the stand. There is one man, however, who has known Taylor intimately for decades, lived in his home as a child, carried out his most important missions, and was privy to his innermost decisions. This man broke with Taylor in 2003 and has been on the run ever since, dodging missions and living under

back to the United States. He was arrested but escaped from jail and returned to Africa. Unsurprisingly, many say he is the one who has been the most elusive. He spent some time in Libya, where he received shelter and military training from Moammar Gaddafi. Then, in 2008, Taylor went for Reeves to come live with him in Jackson, Miss.

Reeves says that when he lived with Taylor, there were no boundaries between them to be the equivalent of Taylor's son. Reeves never thought of Taylor as his father, but he remembers that Taylor had complete control over the young members of his family and entourage. "In the same way that he would harm his child, he would



**A BLOODY WATERS** A strike in Liberia's capital to overthrow Taylor, a rebel from Taylor's NPFL army in 1992

assumed identities on three continents. He went to Canada, Austria, Russia, and the United States. He went to Taylor's brother-in-law. He has agreed to tell his story to *Madison*.

CONDOR ANDREA REEVES is 35 years old, although he looks younger. He is tall and thin, with dark, dark skin. His facial expressions are subdued and calm, and he speaks in a relaxed, measured tone—only occasionally raising his voice to emphasize a point. He looks eager to have someone's attention. His eyes are wide, and he periodically opens and snaps that a telephone during an interview that takes place in a corner booth at a Tim Hortons somewhere in Canada. Reeves asked that his current location not be identified.

He says he first met Taylor when he was nine years old and Taylor married his aunt, Agnes. It was 1983, and Taylor had just returned to Liberia after years of study in the United States to take a position in the new government of then dictator Samuel Doe. When a couple of years, Taylor was accused of collecting more than \$1 million, and fled

small boys, he used us," Reeves says. "These small boys are like a god. For us, it was the same. If he told us to do something, I would do it without question. We would do with confidence. You think, 'Oh, he likes me.' If Taylor says hello, you're happy for a month."

On Christmas Eve 1990, Taylor returned to Liberia at the head of his forces, and he took force in an attempt to overthrow the government of Samuel Doe. The National Patriotic Front, a rebel group, was formed and settled in the mountains of Liberia, where they had a reputation for the ferocity of members of Taylor's forces. "Small boys only," the NPFL, soon covered much of the country, but civil war continued to rage between Taylor's forces and rebel groups. Taylor needed money; some of the most lucrative diamond fields in the world were right next door in Sierra Leone. Sierra Leone also had the Economic Community of West African States Monitoring Group, which was preventing him from selling control of the Liberian capital Monrovia. It was an attractive target.

The Revolutionary United Front attacked Sierra Leone from Liberia in March 1991. Its ranks included fighters from Taylor's NPFL.

FRANCIS: JONATHAN WINTER; JACQUES: PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIPPE BERTHIAUX



and mercenaries from Burkina Faso. The RUF went led by a barely literate farmer and paid recruit Yaya Sanoh. But Reeves confesses that ultimate control lay with Charles Taylor in non-door Liberia. He created the RUF. He funded and trained the RUF. He appointed commanders. He drew up plans for attack. He sent vehicles. Everything.

Reeves would know. He was Chad Taylor's main enemy in Sierra Leone. When ever Taylor wanted to speak with leading members of the RUF, Reeves would be sent to get them and bring them to Meeserville. He says he never took part in fighting, but he saw hundreds of rape victims and RUF commanders quoted by child soldiers for attacks made from their hands, their abilities.

One of Reeves's other jobs was to coordinate the diamond pipeline that ran between Sierra Leone and Liberia. Diamonds flowed out of RUF territory in Sierra Leone, and weapons flowed in. This made Charles Taylor, who was elected president of Liberia in

1996 bombings of U.S. embassies in Tunisia and Kenya. It was then that Charles Taylor was converting cash assets in oil and diamonds in preparation for accompanying crackdowns on its financial networks.

Reeves was angry at Taylor's connection to a terrorist group that had attacked the U.S., but he had already begun to turn against Taylor, driven, he says, by a desire to end the civil war still being fought in Sierra Leone and Liberia. Reeves describes his transformation from someone who blindly followed Taylor to someone who sought to undermine him as a slow process of awakening. "The problem is that when I started all this, I was living in the

## Reeves, a refugee claimant to Canada, may be a key, and explosive, witness



A PRO-TAYLOR RALLY. Reeves, a suspected war criminal who may testify against Taylor



dark," he says. "When I was living with Taylor, there were no TV channels, no radio, no books. I couldn't read. At 14, I got older and went to other countries. I saw people living peacefully. I started to learn that these things, saying women, these things were wrong. But you couldn't tell Taylor that. I saw other people say these things to Taylor, and they were dead."

Reeves began gathering documents that implicated Taylor in criminal activities in the mid 1990s. A few years later, after a journalist put him in touch with the NGO Global Witness, he began secretly reporting details about another of Taylor's alleged activities, lucrative timber exports. "It was very, very risky. Even if I got killed on the ground, I didn't care. There was so much suffering and suffering," he says.

The final break came in 2001. Details of a confidential meeting between Taylor and some of his most trusted colleagues appeared in a newspaper. Taylor incorrectly thought that Reeves was the source, and Reeves fled the country. "Taylor had people trying to kill me all over west Africa," he says. By this time, the

Special Court for Sierra Leone had been established, and although extradition for Taylor had not yet been publicly announced, he was already covering his tracks. "There were threats or fear of us who were running diamonds," Reeves says. "The only one left alive."

Reeves says that officials from the Special Court contacted him in Ghana in 2003. They presented him with false identity papers, including a Dutch passport, and flew him to the Netherlands, where he was placed in a witness protection program under a new identity. He lived in Europe for several years, first in Holland and then in Germany, and believed he was safe.

Meanwhile, Taylor had been in international pressure and trapped in 2003, losing a sale in Nigeria for three years to his government's refusal to extradite Taylor to stand trial. Taylor tried to slip out of the country and was arrested and turned over to the Special Court in March 2006. Last summer, Reeves says that Taylor's men caught up with him in Ghana, kidnapping him at gunpoint and driving him two hours out of the city. When the car stopped at a red light in a small town, Reeves bailed from the vehicle and escaped.

Reeves now felt trapped. He believed that his cover was blown and his security compromised. The witness protection program wasn't keeping him safe. He couldn't go back to Africa. He made a fateful decision. Reeves gathered his family and, without informing anyone from the Special Court for Sierra Leone, flew them to Canada.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS at Toronto's Pearson International Airport hear all kinds of claims from people claiming asylum. So many have surprised them when a lady with seemingly legitimate papers from the Netherlands declared that her passport was a forgery and that he was a former resistance associate and brother-in-law of an indicted war criminal. Reeves says he told the officials everything. He also handed over a business card belonging to a prosecutor from the Special Court so the Canadian could check out his story. He says he was then detained for 45 days but was eventually released while his case is considered.

On the surface, Reeves's chances of staying here don't look good. A Jan. 26 letter to Reeves's lawyer from a hearings officer in the war crimes and public security unit of the Canada Border Services Agency outlines the potential case against him. "There are serious reasons to consider that Mr. Reeves may have acted and abetted in the commission of the above mentioned war crimes and crimes



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**HONDA**  
The Power of Dreams



PHOTO: JACQUES CHACON/REUTERS. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL WITKIN

\*Based on 2007 Fuel Consumption Guide set up and published by Natural Resources Canada.



BOY SOLDIERS during the Liberian civil war. Taylor is known for recruiting children to his armies. It's one of many charges he now faces.

against "humanity," it says, referring to allegations against Taylor. "Given the participation of the client, there are serious reasons for considering that Mr. Kallon may be complicit in war crimes and crimes against humanity and therefore subject to the exclusion under (F) of the Refugee Convention."

Kallon, however, is not a genuine refugee claimant with a timely past. He is a politically explosive witness in one of the most high-profile international trials in years. As a man who was once one of Taylor's most trusted insiders, his testimony could put the former president's future in life. Kallon is also willing to testify. He wants to testify but he won't travel to The Hague unless Canada guarantees he will be allowed back.

Kallon stresses that this is not blackmail. If necessary, he says he will testify by video link from Canada. Nevertheless, he is convinced that the Special Court has the ability to make a deal with Canada that will guarantee his safe return to the country. After all, he says, when the Special Court flew him out of west Africa, they provided him with Dutch passport and a new identity.

Joan Anderson, chief of press and public affairs at the Special Court, told *World* that court officials cannot confirm or deny the names of any witnesses. While reluctant to talk about operational details involved in protecting witnesses, he noted that very few have been released outside of the Ivory Coast. Kallon says he has been in contact with Kallon.

Court officials want his testimony in Canada and protect the business deal of a senior Nigerian lawyer. He says that the "No 1 witness," he expects to be called to testify late in Taylor's trial. For the time being, he and his wife and children are growing comfortable here. They'll like to stay.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, Ottawa's legal preparations for Taylor's trial are under way. The court has a new prosecutor in Stephen Rapp, an Iowa native and the former chief of prosecutions at the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda. A self-proclaimed, Rapp still gives the impression that he is motivated by his task. "This is the most exciting work that I've ever done," he said in an interview with *World*. "This is an opportunity to be part of a movement to bring justice to bear on the greatest crimes committed by humankind."

Nevertheless, Rapp and the prosecuting lawyers face numerous challenges. The temporal jurisdiction of the case is after Nov. 30, 1996, a time frame that doesn't cover the early years of the civil wars in both Liberia and Sierra Leone. More seriously, however, Taylor has been indicted for crimes he allegedly committed in Sierra Leone—a country he is not known to have visited during the conflict. Rapp isn't fazed. "This case has nothing to do with whether he dropped off any arms himself, whether he killed anyone personally, whether he was in Sierra Leone," he

says. "Leaders at the highest level are rarely involved directly in committing crimes with their bare hands. But the allegations in our indictment, confirmed by the judges, on which we'll go to trial at The Hague, are that he bore responsibility for the crimes committed by his subordinates."

Rapp favors the legal case against Taylor to one against a man who is still responsible for the actions of his henchmen. The prosecution's case hinges on proving the links between Taylor, on the one hand, and the RUF as his henchmen in Sierra Leone. Rapp is confident the prosecution has the witnesses and the evidence to prove this connection. "There are literally 10 different ways that we can show his responsibility and find him guilty for what happened there, if the evidence is created by the court," Rapp says.

Taylor's defense team isn't so sure. The lead counsel is Karam Ahmed Khan, a 37-year-old English barrister with extensive international experience, including at UN international criminal tribunals for the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda. A doctoral candidate at the University of Oxford, becomes known as someone who is grounded in British legal tradition. He has a quiet and mild-mannered manner of speaking and makes a point of declaring his respect for both the Special Court and his appointment as the prosecution. Khan says he was drawn to the Taylor case because of its impact and complexity. "It's a wonderful interface between international



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**HONDA**  
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TERRACYCLE CEO Tom Szaky in the Trenton, N.J., factory where HD-wrappers do their magic

# THE WORM WRANGLER

**Tom Szaky's no tree hugger. He just wants to make a fortune feeding worm poop to your plants. And he's making his rivals nervous.**

BY CHRISTOPHER SHULMAN • The smell. The sight. The pink. The self. Everybody in this room has one. The Home Depot has official media to their north Toronto corporate headquarters so that suppliers can demonstrate the fabulous products available at the contractor's largest home improvement chain. This includes staff like a smiling man shoveling with something like a hole whiffing down the handle. "It's like a sea urchin," the salesman says. "All you do is direct it." There's a Detroit rotary installation at the shape of a gun grip, and a Stanley claw hammer with a rattling fork embedded

through—the all-natural secret to his hair growing business's crown.

Then, around 2 p.m., the room shifts to a state of heightened alertness. All eyes turn toward the main entrance, where a white blood has appeared. It's Anneke Verschuur, president of Home Depot Canada. Like all others at feeding time, the salesmen all angle forward in anticipation. Soon, Verschuur's face falls on the rumpled young plant-food salesman "Tom Szaky" the salesman, leaning in for a handshake. "Have you seen our new Eco-Options magazine?"

"Absolutely," says Szaky. "It's great." "We have something new to show you." Szaky hands her a plastic bottle of his new spray-on soil-bone fertilizer. "The spray-on is the new look," he says. "Very innovative products. Then, you should check out our new marketing ideas with us." Verschuur nodders her head as he understands. "We should do an interview with Tom for the Eco-Options magazine." Then the executive gives Szaky one last look and says, "You really should come to work for us some day."

And she's gone. Leaving Szaky's rivals looking at his pants and his baseball cap, and thinking: when's he get that 100?

TOM SZAKY, 21, is the chief executive of TerraCycle Inc., an organic plant fertilizer manufacturing based in Trenton, N.J.—about 10 minutes from the place where Szaky, a Canadian immigrant, lived during the year he attended Princeton University. The company now puts organic plant food in more than 16,000 stores across the United States and Canada, including most Wal-Mart and Home Depot's. To make things even pricier, most of TerraCycle's products are sold in recycled pop bottles or milk jugs. As for its seasonal peak, his 70 employees fill 20,000 orders a day with one of about a dozen different plant food varieties, such as orchid food, or native herbs for each and every.

Obviously, the company's products are intended to produce extra-healthy flowers, so, or more healthy tomato plants. But problem like TerraCycle's Pro-Active fertilizer, which "dramatically increases root growth and bud quantity," have been embraced by certain underground "homesteaders" who tend to grow their plants hydroponically. "Let's just say my yield has increased to over double what it was before," says one online reviewer of a TerraCycle product. "And the journey is out of this world."

TerraCycle's story starts, as so many good stories do, in Montreal, where a 19-year-old Szaky took his Princeton buddies on a road trip during his freshman year. It was there that Szaky happened on the substance that would dominate the next phase of his life. In

poor guidance that substance is the raising of the scientific endowment—Szaky favors the technological experiments: worm "poop."

The young co-op student has always had an eye for business. Each his parents are doctors who left Hungary after the collapse of the Eastern bloc, eventually landing in Toronto, where they enrolled him at Upper Canada College. While Szaky attended a school for growing & youth, the young man was not rolling dough himself. Dr. Lachner and Thomas Szaky had to start their medical careers over when they moved to Canada, rather than a medical manna the family had in an apartment. Szaky would go on to do a master with friends like Michael Cahill, and Anthony Green, whose father is Dr. Grant of "Room 1000." His buddies usually picked up the tab. "I wanted to be one of my friends' doctors," recalls Szaky. By the time he was

34, he'd already started a Web design company that helped create Root's first website.

Then it was on to Princeton, where Szaky and his classmates embarked on the road trip to Montreal, looking for some of Szaky's UCC friends at the McGill student ghetto. The apartment was home to dirty dishes, weeds for ounces, and, crucially, one thriving marijuana plant. The pot plant was so healthy that Szaky asked his friends what they were feeding it. The secret was worm poop, which the students gathered themselves by feeding thousands of red wiggles organic remains of organic waste: coffee grounds, banana peels, whatever was handy.

Szaky had a hunch. Maybe there was a way to make a business out of this worm poop, with its extra-organic power. Szaky knew waste disposal companies charged a fee to haul away people's garbage. So, he reasoned, you could probably make money selling away people's organic waste, which you could feed to these extraordinary worms. The just gather the poop and sell it to friends. Szaky and a few friends gathered \$10,000 to buy a "worm gold" that used red wiggles to transform Phasmatoculture's food, maggot gas fed organic waste into the perfect plant food, which they loaded into used pop bottles and sold to area gardeners and landscapers. This was enough of a hook to get them some accreditation help—from people like Bill Gilman, a 55-year-old former Bell Labs executive with a Ph.D. in organic chemistry, and Robin Tisor, a clerk from Szaky's Web design days, who at the age of 41 became TerraCycle's VP of marketing. To become profitable, though, TerraCycle needed cash up. Gilman came and a way to largely the fertilizer without losing any of its power. (The process is similar to leeching tea.) But the production line

they wanted only filled it half. This bottle was a week. Building a factory that could produce tens of thousands of bottles per week would cost around \$300,000.

Sorking cash, Szaky took his business plan to every venture capitalist firm he could think of. He earned every business plan contest he could find. None of the VCs bit, but he struck gold with one of the biggest competitors, beating over 750 other entries in a contest run by a New York investment firm known as Carrot Capital. The prize was US\$1 million, and the guy generated a tremendous amount of publicity for Szaky and his company. He even got to ring the opening bell for the NASDAQ exchange. Unfortunately, the Carrot Capital funding fell through.

## SCOTTS MIRACLE-GRO SUED TERRACYCLE FOR TRADEMARK INFRINGEMENT

(They wanted a sweeping management change and decided business operations, neither of which Szaky was keen on.) But all was not lost.

Thanks to the publicity from the competition, Szaky found himself fielding calls from plenty of other sweeties. So, some home improvement enthusiasts, others were entrepreneurs who saw a bit of themselves in Szaky. Although he walked away from Carrot Capital's \$1 million deal, TerraCycle still managed to raise US\$1.2 million in fundraising more than enough to convert a Trenton warehouse into a factory. The first production came off the line in 2004. Sales last year were around US\$1.5 million, and Szaky's buying hit US\$6 million this year. Not bad, considering Szaky's revenue is 31 per cent waste in the company.

THERE ARE REALITIES of business in which youth is an advantage. Selling worm poop to major retail chains is not one of them. But Szaky's timing was auspicious. His eco-friendly company entered the market just as many big-box retailers were seeking ways to convince their customers they were concerned about the environment. Carrying TerraCycle plant food, with its young CEO and his inspiring story, was one eco-friendly way to do that.

So one friend, Richard Szaky's success is rising. Marketing's weather. He displayed his genius far that earlier this year when

TerraCycle was just by its largest competitor, the US\$2.3 billion chemical fertilizer conglomerate Scotts Miracle-Gro, which accused TerraCycle of infringing on its trade dress by using similarly colored packaging. (Both companies favor a yellow and green motif.) The matter is still pending, but in the meantime Szaky has peddled the soil action into a tremendous amount of free publicity, including news items in the Wall Street Journal and Business Week, mostly thanks to a shady website (myleadnews.com) that plays up TerraCycle's underdog status. Szaky, however, likes to distance his tale from the eco-warrior stereotype. "It wouldn't call myself an environmentalist," he says. "I trust our there hugging from it."



ONE VERY HEALTHY marijuana plant goes Szaky the idea

just a normal guy. I wouldn't buy a Hammer. But I doubt I'd buy a Pin. Either I want to make most of money selling eco-friendly products." Szaky indicates the attitude of organic competition like Vermont-based Savory Generation Inc., which won't sell to the Wal-Mart of the world. And that, as much as anything, may be what sets TerraCycle apart. "If I go into some buyer's meeting, carrying TerraCycle at some eco-friendly company, I'm selling the buyer that I don't get it. I don't want my products just bought by environmentalists. I want them bought by the average guy who wants food, food and drinks but. Not selling to the Wal-Mart of the world means you're made in real, engaged business where your sales volume is not to nothing—and how does that help the earth?" ■

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL D'AMICO

# DEALING WITH A PEST

Canada's dominant carriers seem intent on crushing Porter Airlines

**BY JASON KIRBY** • What to do when you've got a raccoon problem? The question is a familiar one for residents of Canada's big cities, where the varmints infest urban gardens with abandon. But it's also top of mind at Air Canada and Westjet these days. Since December, when Porter Airlines first lifted off from its base at Toronto City Centre Airport, the scrappy upstart with the raccoon mascot has become a major pest for both companies. "It's a convenient location just a short ferry ride from downtown, a growing lot of prime destinations and some very deep pockets. Porter at the airport provides new airline slots country has seen in years. And judging from the tactics of Porter's two big rivals, it seems they are determined to take a familiar approach to their raccoon trouble: ruthless extermination."

The weekly world of Canadian commercial aviation is littered with the wreckage of failed airlines like Jetco, Roots Air, Canada 3000 and Harbinger, just to name a few. Some self-funded failed business plans and questionable management from the start. But predatory pricing, where established airlines target upstarts with below cost fares impossible for smaller entrants to sustain, has played a big part in Canada's long history of aeronautical misadventure. For newcomers, few fares may seem great at the time. Over the long run, though, every time the dominant airlines manage to run a new rival into the ground, the reduced competition leads to higher ticket prices and diminished service. At Air Canada and Westjet begin to offer seriously low



ROBERT DELUCE thought city hall to get Porter off the ground, but his biggest battle is ahead

## PORTER CUT PRICES TO OTTAWA TO \$59. WESTJET RESPONDED BY OFFERING FLIGHTS FOR \$11.

prices. Porter's key routes between Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, the riskiest in the new airline will be unlikely to be easy before it.

The steepest example of rock-bottom pricing came in late April when Westjet offered off-peak flights to Toronto for Ottawa and Montreal for as low as \$33 one way. Air Canada quickly followed with a similar offer. At other times the two giants, which together control 95 per cent of the domestic market, have promoted fares well below \$50 on these same routes. Analysts say Porter actually triggered it all when it chopped the price of a Toronto to Ottawa ticket to \$59 from \$99 for passengers who book two weeks in advance. But the snail pace of the move has been based on the ridiculous Air Des Chenevas, an analysis at Raymond James, noted in a report, if Air Canada's current budget such a ticket and took a pass on perils like Aeroplan rules and checked

baggage, they'd "actually get paid to fly." There's no way the low fares pay the bills, industry observers say. "It's ridiculous because there's fees for not covering the costs of leasing the aircraft, fueling them and crewing them," says David Jones, president of lobby group Transport Canada. "We have a lot of that kind of price competition leading to destruction of airlines and irrelevant being left in the lurch. It doesn't work."

But predatory pricing is just the latest stumbling block for Porter. The business of aviation between Robert Deluce, the company's chief executive, and the arrival of full service at the city airport after Toronto Mayor David Miller had blamed the airline as a blight on the city's revitalization plans. "We're not residents grateful about

increased noise levels, and environmentalists are campaigning to have the airport ground over. But backed with \$125 million from prominent Toronto investors, not to mention crucial support from the Toronto Port Authority, which controls the island airport, the airline's fleet of 10 Bombardier CRJ-900 turboprops got off the ground and is expanding. In June, Porter plans to add Halifax to its list of destinations.

But Deluce also knows how cutthroat the airline business can be. In the 1980s his family, along with Air Canada, launched Air Ontario. The start-up did seem a quarter of the size, which eventually began service out of the island airport to compete with full City Express. Those years bopping down the island, which served 400,000 passengers a year at its peak. Within months, City Express went out of business. Air Canada then forced the Deluces out of Air Ontario, swallowed the smaller airline, and

undercut the competition on price. Almost every airline entrepreneur who has floundered in the country has at one time considered predatory pricing for his company's failure. And competition regulators have tended to agree. A tribunal in 2001 found Air Canada can routes between Ontario and the Maritimes at a loss in order to thwart the expansion of Westjet and upstart Jetair, launched by Nova Scotia businessman Kenneth Rowe.

The lack of conscience has been extremely lucrative for both Air Canada and Westjet. Analysts say that since Jetair's demise in 2005, the duopoly has led to price stability and record profits for both companies. Little bit more, Westjet chief executive officer

## AIR CANADA'S LATEST TACTIC IS TO TRY TO STOP PORTER FROM OFFERING FLIGHTS TO THE U.S.

service and serving smaller airports where costs are lower. Porter aims to mimic this model in some key respects. Unlike its big rivals, it offers premium service like meals and complimentary drinks to all its passengers. Where it saves money is in the operation of its planes, which burn nearly 40 per cent less fuel than comparable regional jets, and require far less maintenance. What's more, Porter can avoid paying the exorbitant fees that Pearson, the world's most expensive airport, charges for bagging carriers. Deluce is confident that with the consent of the downtown investors, customers will be willing to pay a bit more rather than face the trek out of the city. "We're establishing a level of service that hasn't been seen in years," he says. "Today's passenger can determine the real value proposition."

Those are tall legs that



AIR CANADA and Westjet together control 95 per cent of Canada's domestic air travel market, and they don't want another competitor

divided most of its business on Pearson International Airport, west of the city.

That time around, the wily entrepreneur has taken steps to handicap the competition. Ahead of launching his airline, Deluce bought up most of the hangars on the island and handed Air Canada an eviction notice. But Air Canada is still trying to see its claws slip Porter's wings, attempting to block the upstart from expanding its reach into the United States. Where the new airline hopes to eventually serve nine cities across its 17 target destinations. Deluce has plans to begin service to Newark, N.J., soon, but Air Canada had several American airlines are pursuing the U.S. Department of Transportation to block Porter because they say it holds a monopoly on flights from the island. Deluce points out that only five foreign airlines, US Airways, has applied for access to the island airport, which it got in March.

The most often-cited weapon for the big airlines remains their tried-and-true ability to

drive bigger ticket revenues than Canada acceptable of handling two major airlines—their sole message being there's a crowd. Karl Moore, a professor of management at McGill University, studies the airline industry and says Canada's market is quite competitive. "Just as airlines' monopoly, prices will be higher than if we had a third vigorous competitor."

Canada is looking increasingly out of step with other developed nations, especially in Europe, where discount airlines like Ryan Air and easyJet have flourished at the expense of high priced rivals by offering bare bones

Porter will have to work out if it's to ultimately succeed. Many of its flights remain half-filled, and some of its early city routes haven't been without delays and cancellations. But when these troubles are presented to Deluce he responds with all the necessary aplomb of an airline entrepreneur looking off two giants like Air Canada and Westjet. "The fact they have had these desperate-looking fares is proof that Porter is making a real impact on the Montreal and Ottawa routes," he says. This policy Montreal might prove more difficult to resist than those that have gone before. ■



**METER MAID LEAVES MORE THAN A TICKET BEHIND**  
Michael Whelan's flying double is believed to have a meter maid with him on his last westbound journey. Whelan was argued with another on a north London street, suddenly the meter maid started singing "Don't Stop Believin'" with her boombox machine, causing \$2,000 damage. "We had a really nice over the fence," said Whelan. "But surely meter maids are used to arguments. She started screaming. Her voice doesn't have a meter maid."



summer stock starts before hand, their performance on the stand might have been a lot more audible. As it is, to modify Presbetta, they're no character in search of a plot: the U.S. government conspired up the case and hanged at the last two minutes together to construct a narrative that absolves all its witnesses while leaving the blame with Conrad Black and his co-defendants.

By the way, after he left Hollinger International in 2005, who did Paul Helly go to work for? Why, for Richard Branson. The former head of the BBC and now America's first corporate-governance billionaire, Mr. Branson was the outside investigator whose laudatory written "opinion report" led to this criminal case. So Mr. Helly not only has an immunity agreement from the U.S. government but he was also signed up and put in the payroll by the man who destroyed Black. Minutes before the witness took the stand, Edward Geagan, the lead defense counsel, requested Helly's compensation details from both Hollinger and Richard Branson. "I consider it cheating," he told the judge, "and I think it's relevant how big the bribe is."

Indeed. One way or another—usually deals, sometimes shovels off prison sentences, the terms and conditions of enforcement proceed—very commonly witnesses have become significant why witnesses for testifying against Black. And, even if it were true to take a more benign view of the less than subtle pressure applied by the authorities, one is confronted by an awkward fact: that the cost of investigating what Branson called Black's "corporate kleptocracy" has been far above spectacularly kleptocratic. If you're a complicit kleptomaniac, investigating the kleptocracy of others is the racket to be in. Mr. Branson is a famous man, so his \$400 per hour is fairly well known. After four years on the Hollinger payroll, that adds up. But the week the jury accepted the testimony of a comparatively unknown witness, Jacobus Rosenberg of O'Melveny & Myers, the law firm retained by Hollinger's special committee to investigate the non-compensated payments Mr. Branson began speculating in "breach of fiduciary duty language" and "internal investigations," which sounds boring but hey, you can really clean up. Of the over \$200 million Hollinger has spent investigating Black's "crimes," none

75 per cent of the dough is estimated to have gone to O'Melveny. Mr. Rosenberg's colleagues are crawling all over the courtroom. O'Melveny lawyers are not just witnesses in the case, but they're also lawyers for half the other witnesses. They loom in all directions, and on busy days smother half the media benches. I wouldn't mind, but they never ask. And you wouldn't either if you had a more direct interest in the case.

Just to get those numbers in perspective: Conrad and his three fellow-defendants are charged with "stealing

an law or whatever branch of law you happen to be asking them about at any given moment, they're just experts in and on a charge for a billion dollars—well, I write a favourable legal opinion on a law. And the auditors say when, steady on, they're just signing off on the numbers they're given by the company. And the "independent director" says it would be unreasonable to expect them to read the legal documents they signed. So much for "corporate governance." You might as well do your accounts in crayon and keep them under the bed.

But the government says: oh, no, just because all the above corporate government didn't work only means we need even more of it. So Congress passes the characteristically duplicitous Sarbanes-Oxley laws, and the U.S. government gets even more aggressive in criminalizing the vulnerabilities of the com-

## THE 'EXPERTS' YOU MIGHT AS WELL DO YOUR ACCOUNTS IN CRAYON.

BREXIDEN's laudatory written report led to the criminal case, Christopher Browne (right)

\$60 million from Hollinger shareholders in various non-compensated fees and other dubious transactions. But O'Melveny & Myers have earned 28 times as much from Hollinger (and its shareholders) just for "investigating" that \$60 million "crime." Hollinger paid \$47,870 for Barbara Amiel's birthday party at La Grenouille in New York. But Richard Brexiden earned that much from the company in his first week investigating the birthday party. And on and on it goes.

Paul Conrad, "corporate governance" is not a full job been around a while. Had he started the Montreal Star ten years ago, he wouldn't have needed independent directors, audit committees, and auditors, and securities lawyers, all of whom to one degree or another are in the business of corporate governance: they're there, at great expense, to keep the brasserie-cum-capitalism from excessive ballooning. And what does it get you? Hollinger paid millions to auditors and lawyers, and hundreds of thousands to power house celebrity directors. And when it all winds up in court, the lawyers they're not experts in tax law or securities law or Canadian



private life. This week, the government led us through the transaction for Hollinger's apartment on Park Avenue: the company had paid \$1 million for it in 1995, and sold it to Black five years later, also for \$1 million. Suspense, no? But he'd spent \$2 million of his own money on remodeling it. Hollinger was contractually obligated to pay for the renovations, but Paul Helly thought the majority shareholders might get a bit twitchy and so Conrad said, okay, I'll step up for it myself. Did Black "steal" from Hollinger shareholders in any financial sense? Or is it just a wash? One of those transactions where neither party comes out ahead but does just about equal? And is the vast amount of time and money the U.S. government or a democracy is criminalizing the compromise in the interests of either Hollinger shareholders in particular or American capitalism in general?

The answer to first seems clear: it's every passing day. ■

### CLASSIC PRATFALL SPARKS A SETTLEMENT

Joyce Walker, 27, a clerk at Bergen Hospital in Cook County, Ill., has been awarded US\$4,710 for slipping on a banana peel. Walker told the court she found the ripe, slippery liquid when one hit the floor, fell and threw up. Outside a hospital bathroom in 2005, in the first five months of 2007, Cook County has paid US\$51.1 million for worker injuries. Selfish board commissioner La Gorman "is pathetic as it seems, it's the rest of doing business."



## Once she heard voices. Now she hears music.

A CAMH story of  
courage that's worth  
listening to.

Marie first experienced  
a psychotic episode  
as a teenager—an  
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Psychosis Clinic provided  
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Centre for Addiction and Mental Health  
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale

camh

## 43



applies of Crocs is that they are easy to clean and durable. I love them, they're so comfortable. And your feet breathe, which is really enjoyable."

That's not reason enough for the Ottawa Hospital to keep Crocs off the central list of licensed shoes it plans on implementing within the next few months. The hospital says it will prohibit medical staff working in clinical areas from wearing footwear with open toes, holes and no heel covering. The goal is to curb the growing numbers of twisted ankles among staff that also wear such shoes.

The Ottawa Hospital is one of the few health facilities in Canada known to have taken an official stance against Crocs and similar shoes. "Potentially, policies are the responsibility of individual employers, so often in rooms that require special equipment for medical staff across the country, but more and more people are looking for guidance. We do get calls from health care workers wondering if they can wear these shoes and if there are any hazards and guidelines they should know about," says Renée Berthiaume, manager of inquiries at the Canadian Centre for Occupational Health and Safety. "We advise them to follow their employer's recommendations. It's the hospital's responsibility to provide a healthy and safe workplace."

## IN SWEDEN, AN INFANT RESPIRATOR SHUT DOWN WHEN EMPLOYEES WEARING CROCS WERE NEARBY

The owner of a popular medical supplies store in southern Ontario that sells Crocs and other shoes to nurses (who prefer not to be named) alleges that some health care facilities will only wear the Beach and Canyon styles once word spreads about possible danger. In his opinion, "the shoe is probably going to go for less than one shoe goes some risk if you really think about it."

In addition to the hospital bans, there are other signs of a Crocs backlash. *Business Week* magazine has made an announcement "eliminating Crocs and those who think that's the best way for wearing them are viable." A

recent post stresses the impending resurgence of esaustrane Crocs. "Like crocs crawling out from beneath the ruins of the apocalypse, Crocs are back." Video on YouTube demonstrates similar displays for the shoe. And *esaustrane* (the "esau" part of the possible diagnosis of rubber dogs to children), "specifically an esaustrane—the shoes allegedly can melt or get stuck in the side of the shoe. One story out of Singapore describes a toddler's toe being ripped off in this way.

Still, there are a lot more Crocs from than desecrates today. Crocs lend themselves to education, religion and other uses. In 1998, Chief Mervin Bartel, who is almost as famous for his fluorescent orange Crocs as he is for his food—repeatedly won 90 pairs of the original Beach model. The company closed 2006 with US\$154.5 million in sales, up almost 227 per cent from last year. And all indications suggest market saturation is a long way off. Crocs just launched MASCAR models at \$199.99 and, as readers inspired by *James*, *Superman*, *Wonder Woman*, *Spider-Man*, *Superman* and *Decca* the Explorer are scheduled to be out this summer.

And even if health care facilities still love Crocs with the holes and back strap, the shoe will probably still wind up in hospitals. The Ontario medical supply store owner says some nurses have a closed tip. And in May, the Crocs company released shoes now work shoes—the Beach, the Canyon and the Specialized. "With the introduction of workplace-specific designs, we are further expanding our footwear offerings to provide footwear, high quality foot footwear for the workplace," said Crocs CEO Ron Snyder. "Crocs footwear's unique blend of features and function makes them the shoe of choice for the perfect workplace footwear solution." Whether or not that's a crock depends on who you ask. ■

# WAS RACHEL CARSON WRONG?

On her centenary, some critics blame her for all the lives lost to malaria

BY JIMMY BETHUNE • In 1962, *Silent Spring* sparked a violent summer storm in the U.S. as Rachel Carson's beautiful words (in a book on the effects of widespread chemical spraying) fired up the bestseller list. Carson, already ill with the breast cancer that would kill her two years later, faced a furious chemical industry counter campaign, complete with lawsuits and the secret moves secretly tested about in her time. The FBI investigated her as a potential Communist agent out to disrupt the national food chain. A few government science biologists, Carson had no national backing or institutional support, but she did have credibility as a well-known and gifted writer on natural history. Public opinion, already alarmed by spraying programs, swung decisively to her side.

In the year of her centenary—Carson was born May 27, 1907—it's difficult to overstate her influence. *Silent Spring* is one of the most influential books of the 20th century, and its author the founding mother of modern environmentalism. In America, pesticide use, particularly DDT, was severely curtailed hereafter, while the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and the Endangered Species Act (1973) followed in Carson's wake as surely as dying birds and snail trails. David Suzuki, Canada's top environmentalist, once said, "Rachel Carson essentially defined our life." An elementary school in a Maryland suburb carries her name. Her birthplace in Springdale, Penn., is a national historic site. For biographer Linda Lear, that's about the least her country owes Carson. "For showing what a single individual could accomplish by speaking out, and for warning us about the arrogance with which we approach the natural world."

But, for environmentalists, it's Carson's very reputation—her status as saint to whom they liken a similar ailment—that makes her legacy poisonous. Websters and old papers accuse her of exaggerating responsibility for



## CARSON PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE OPPOSED ALL DDT USE

the deaths of millions of Third World malaria and yellow fever victims since the 1970s. That's when, the critics say, a Carson inspired ban on DDT destroyed humanity's best defense against the disease-bearing mosquitoes that kill more than a million people every year. Having used DDT in the First World long enough to wipe out malaria there, they add, so-called environmentalists are hypocrites, saving African birds at the cost of African children, malaria's prime victims.

The attacks are most notable for their wit more than their accuracy to detail. Consider Dennis Avery's mid-April posting on the website of the American Conservative Union Foundation. Avery, formerly a senior analyst for the State Department and currently at the Hudson Institute, mistakenly recalled Carson's birthday on April 12. He blames her for "at least" 100 million deaths—meaning everyone who has died of malaria or yellow fever in the last 40 years. This figure, he goes on to claim, "is 10 times as many as Hitler killed in his concentration camps during, again, inadvertently—a statement that men go to be more vicious, for usually wrong about four million Nazi victims died in the death camps) and syntactically absurd (assuming Avery means Carson was his mother, aka, home. In what Websters calls the "Victims of Environmentalism" the U.S. Agriculture Department sprayed a million acres



SE. RACHEL Carson, founder of modern environmentalism (top), malaria testing in hospital

insect sprays. (That's what it does.) One project that did get off the drawing board was the first-use eradication program of 1955, dissolved at length in *Silent Spring* and vividly recalled by Wilson who, at a August 12 year-old Boy Scout in 1942, was the first person to record the arrival of the disease from South American species in the fields near his home. Also, home. In what Websters calls the "Victims of Environmentalism" the U.S. Agriculture Department sprayed a million acres

with powerful insecticides. Wildlife and livestock developed fatal nervous disorders, while bad and beneficial insect populations were decimated. The effect on human health was never assessed. The first story, who bear the Latin name *Carsonia* ("Carsonia") for good reason, easily survived the censors.

When Carson's critics argue—although not without dispute—that 30 years of research have shown DDT to be less toxic for humans than most environmental contaminants, it's worth remembering that as we know that in 1962. In that year of DDT's peak usage, 80 million kg were sprayed across the U.S., with any risk of long-term effects.

As for Carson's responsibility for malaria deaths, the word of environmentalism is far from the only thing causing DDT use in the Third World. In the glory days of the Chemical Era, the World Health Organization (WHO) launched a program in 1955 to eradicate malaria worldwide via DDT. At first it was highly successful (reducing mortality rates from 1951 per 100,000 to seven per 100,000), but resistance soon emerged in insect populations. Widespread agricultural use of DDT—just like the agricultural use of antibiotics—sped up the development of resistance strains, inflicting lasting harm on health care. But even before resistance took hold, DDT was also a tropical disease, more than in North America and Europe. Insecticide resistance was rampant and the WHO program, in fact, was never applied in sub-Saharan Africa for those reasons, and thus its very mortality rates there never fell to the same extent as elsewhere, and why Africa remains the epicenter of the epidemic. The WHO abandoned its ambitious goal of eradication in 1969, and now focuses on treatment and controlling the disease.

DDT, sprayed in jettison amounts on major roads, remains the best malaria control known. Carson, in fact, would probably not have opposed such environmentalists' approval to any use of DDT. *Silent Spring* called not for a ban on pesticide use, but for increased study, a precise weighing of costs and benefits and, above all, honesty in the face of what we still don't know about the natural world. For Rachel Carson, agriculture, corporate, governmental, scientific or environmental—was always the enemy. ■



**A DYING SHARK'S LAST ACT: HUPALATION**  
British television's *Blue Planet* caught a shark in a scumpy leaser: spotted dogfish, a member of the shark family. While a leaser (hauled in onto a galleon) turned to land and said, "We're back, look at this shipper!" Just as he spoke, the shark leapt and hit the leaser's side. "I thought about my mother and would like to go," he said. "I was hit with a puncture wound on the face and the memory of a wounded shipper burning the floor from the jaws



**BEAUTY IS BEHIND YOU NOW WITH BUTT FACIALS**  
All the benefits of receiving a facial can now be enjoyed on your buttocks, thanks to new "butt facials." Just as with regular ones, butt facials give tighter, clearer skin and help clear up minor skin conditions such as acne. Dermotologists make skin look whiter and black during your treatment. Although women are the target market (butt facials can also be used on men), but male athletes prone to sweating and to skin blemishes also love them.

ALAN BETHUNE/STYLING: DANIEL BETHUNE

ALAN BETHUNE/STYLING: DANIEL BETHUNE

# IS KARLA FIT TO BE A MOTHER?

**She's out of jail and has a new baby. Some experts don't see the problem.**

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

It's not clear how Karla Homolka spent her Mother's Day falling apart just days after her 37th birthday. It would have been the perfect occasion for family celebration. May 10, her parents and surviving sister drove down from Ontario to meet her acquainted with the baby boy she gave birth to in a Montreal hospital on Feb. 2. Perhaps they all went to brunch at a local restaurant. Or it could be that the festivities simply took place in the bungalow she shares with her son and her new companion, Thierry Bonifant, in the South Shore community of Longueuil. (Thierry's boss has no confirmation that they are married, although Karla was wedding ring these days.) It's not evident to imagine that he brought out a video camera to capture the special moments, but like her ex, Paul Bernardo, used to do.

One has to speculate because Karla, now known as Leslie Thole—she and Paul legally changed their names under the impetus of their relationship—has pretty much dropped out of sight since her release from jail in July 2005. Her decision to hide away from the women's prison in Lebelton to the downtown Montreal studios of *Ilumio* Canada (her in-depth interview rubbed most of the country's media of any incentive to chase her. There have been brief flashes of interest, like when her then employer went public with claims she was molesting the same officer after release by having contact with children and communicating with inmates. A local television station contacted her at a bus stop once only to be met with a polite refusal. Overall, the disappearing act has been remarkably well and successful for the country's most notorious female killer, a strong contender in a current online poll for "the worst Canadian ever." The media had no telling that she was preg-



LEFT: PAUL BERNARDO'S ARTWORK



**ONE SHRINK DESCRIBED HER AS A NARCISSISTIC PSYCOPATH. ANOTHER SAYS SHE WAS JUST 'BAD FOR THREE YEARS.'**



RIGHT: PAUL BERNARDO

nant, opening a relationship until after she gave birth last winter.

Karla owed her name. Every last day of the 12 years she received in a controversial plea bargain that saw her testify against Bernardo in exchange for lesser charges of manslaughter for her involvement in the kidnapping, rape, torture and murders of Leslie Mahaffy, 14, and Kristin French, 15. Having denied her part of depraved people, the Crown invoked a special section of the Criminal Code to postpone its conclusion on her movements, activities and behavior on post-release. But a Quebec Superior Court judge found in Karla's favor in November 2005, granting the so-called 110 order. Since then, she has been at liberty to do whatever she wants within the bounds of the law. She could even casually encounter her ex, or the Mahaffys and Frenches, or any other young women who survived her and Paul's second attacks.

So fit, she appears to be living life in a modest manner. But that doesn't make the notion of Karla free, happy, in love, and blessed with a healthy child, any easier to stomach. Tim Derrane, the Toronto lawyer who speaks for the French and Mahaffy families, says it has been troubling for months. "It's been painful for them. Painful because they're having to relive what they can't change."

The families have never stopped from their belief that Homolka will never be reformed.

One shrink described her as a narcissistic psychopath. Another says she was just "bad for three years."

She is a psychopath, a mania-maniac, a person who lives and constantly revels in the murder of Leslie and Kristin and their own terror," says Derrane. "And if she comes back into the spotlight of the Bernardos of the world she will do exactly what she did before." The Frenches and Mahaffys have often retained the legal firm. They was an agreement that saw the Crown describe Karla and Paul's violent crimes and photographs of their teenagers' final hours. They argued unsuccessfully to reopen Karla's plea deal after another case, the rape of a "Jane Doe," came to light, and sought to keep her Section 810 conditions in place. Now, they worry about what might happen to the baby, but they're not used to having a new case, says Derrane. Mostly, they just ask the motives if the question they're on is last of minds. How can it be that Karla Homolka is fit to be a mother?

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ALWAYS A BELIEVER in the magic of childhood, Karla once told her friends that she would like to have a baby in Montreal, play with a pet cat, and pose with a collection of images in jail.

Since the night she first sat down with police in February 1993 to talk about her by then estranged husband, Karla Homolka has hardly lived the measured life. She has been interviewed, deposed, cross-examined, looked and probed by all manner of investigators, lawyers, coroners and psychiatrists. If there is a psychological test, she has been subjected to it—often more than once. Between her 1993 plea deal and her 2005 release, Homolka was examined by at least 16 different mental health professionals, and her prison file contains almost two dozen status reports and formal risk evaluations.

The bulk of these studies all come to the same conclusion: Despite her heinous crimes, Karla Homolka is pretty much normal. "All the documents available about her arrest, including ones that report, show that before entering this state, she was exhibiting very well—no mental illness, no drug abuse, not ingested," says Dr. Louis Morin, one of Montreal's most famous psychiatrists. A well-regarded psychiatrist who worked in a 15 years of experience treating violent criminals, he examined Homolka in 2005 and testified on her behalf at the Section 810 hearings. "I'm not saying she's good and did good things, but her progress has been steady, and she comes from a good milieu. She was bad for three years." Karla's risk of reoffending is very low, he says, as long as she stays away from "controlling people," like Paul Bernardo.

That caveat—a common theme in most of her evaluations—has never sat comfortably with the public. Particularly after the threat of her participation in the French and Mahaffy murders, and other unsolved crimes, became known in 1993, Karla's off-the-wall story turned up in Paul's own Christmas Eve photos, and the rape for which he was sentenced. She held the baby that she said had no father. The baby's name, which she would never be a real-life one of the attackers. She even participated in the rape with her husband caught it all on tape.

In June 1993, when Paul kidnapped Leslie Mahaffy on a whim, Karla was exactly a little ahead—her wedding was just two weeks away—but only because really apart who she gave the men a drink from the good champagne flutes on the night. Whatever her level of distress, it wasn't enough that Homolka considered asking for help, or calling the police when she left the house to make the family dog for his daily walk. Upon her return, she joined in the attacks, and even gave the girl her baby bear to hold while she was strangled. The next day, the couple married. Homolka's parents.

By Easter weekend 1992, Karla was clearly rebelling her role as a former father. As she and Paul drove around St. Catharines, she



FINDING French's remains, Bernardo and Dawson (below) and Williams "The people who stare me are the people who gave me a father."



**IT'S PAINFUL FOR THE VICTIMS' FAMILIES, SAYS THEIR LAWYER. SHE'S HAVING PRECISELY WHAT THEY CAN'T HAVE.**



selected Kristen French as their own victim, then approached the 15-year-old for three days, giving her husband the choice to work up and go to her behind. In her own three videotaped assaults, Karl's guarded the girl while Paul sat out to get some tattoos and a movie. Again, Harnolka participated in the rapes, telling Paul's father and at one point dressing up in a schoolgirl's uniform like her victim. French died on *Saturday* afternoon, because an impatient Karl wanted to make sure that the police wouldn't be late for dinner at her parents' house.

The Ontario government reacted to the public outcry—150,000 people signed a petition demanding that Harnolka's plea deal be scrapped when the rape of "Jane Doe" came to light in 1994—by asking retired judge Patrick Gilligan to reform the hospital. His report concluded that without the continuing videotape that came to light, much later, police never found them in the 77-day search of the Harnolka home in the spring of 1991. (The authorities had believed Gilligan accepted Karl's explanation that she had developed amnesia about the Jane Doe assaults, and endorsed the Crown's view that Harnolka was as much a victim as a killer.)

Prior to her sentencing, and early in her incarceration, Karl's psychiatric reports tended to stress the physical and mental abuse she suffered at the hands of her ex-husband. (The first rupture in their relationship came when Bernardo beat her with a baseball bat in hospital.) Their diagnoses were fairly normal. Karl was a disturbed woman suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.

Anxious women, dissenting opinions started to develop. A 1999 report noted that Karl seemed to be forming tactics to escape any responsibility for her actions at McNally, French and her sister, instead presenting herself

"strictly as a victim." In 2000, a psychologist who managed Harnolka's file, but did not interview her, raised questions about whether she was suffering from PTSD or was truly a battered woman. (Beyond the attack that hospitalized her, there is little other than Karl's word to substantiate her other claims of abuse.) In 2002, a psychiatrist from Montreal's Douglas Institute, Dr. Bernard Mays, went a step further, declaring Karl to be a psychopath who suffered from narcissistic personality disorder, and simulated her amnesia over the Jane Doe rapes.

As she puts out one, all of the voluminous studies on Harnolka have the sound of pellets shot down. The early findings seemed to justify the plea bargain. The latter reports seemed to back up Correctional Canada's desire to deny her parole, give her locked up until the end of her sentence, and impose special conditions upon her release. One thing is unquestionable—in comparison to her pitiful-looking companions, Karl was a model prisoner. In 32 years, she never spoke to any of the disciplinary officials, unaidedly complied all of her "life skills" and anger management courses, and even earned a case management degree in psychology from Queen's University.

The sole black mark during Harnolka's incarceration was a relationship she took up with a male inmate in late 2005, while they were both housed in the Joe-Arthur House maximum-security prison. Karl met Jean-Paul Gerbier—a French national serving life sentence for murdering his Quebec girlfriend, Cathy-Catherine—while working in the prison library. They wrote each other usually charged letters, exchanged

clean pairs of underwear, and once took a kiss between the cracks.

Montezette says one should be too concerned about this liaison, suggesting it was more a result of a shadow during prison than any sort of liaison with dangerous men. Prison "biologies" are hardly unusual (Harnolka herself had a casual-on relationship at Joliet), and all the potential romantic partners are dubious in one way or another. And while Montezette refuses to confirm or deny whether the liaison caused or tried Karl's earlier release, he speaks enthusiastically about her post-release behavior. "She has learned to carry away from controlling people," Harnolka's long-term therapist, Jean-Paul Gerbier, says, again because her crimes were not motivated by sexual compulsions or desire. "She did it for power."

But with many differing opinions over the years, the public may well be justified in asking how the system can be so sure she won't do it again, if the doctors can't figure why she committed the offenses in the first place. As one former psychiatrician, Dr. Angus MacDonald, wrote in 1995, there is something at the heart of the killer that even the pros have trouble recording. "Karl Harnolka remains something of a diagnostic mystery. Despite her ability to present herself very well, there is a shadow within her which is difficult, if not impossible to explain."

CLIPPING FROM LEFT: GUY FIDELLIO/PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY; REMAINS: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS; KARLA IN PRISON: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS; KARLA IN PRISON: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS

Karl's behavior is a long behavior in the magic of childhood. In jail, her cell was packed with stuffed animals and decorated with the kinds of posters and hearts and flowers sketches that an eight-year-old might choose. A *Walt Disney* Disney, Harnolka even had Mickey Mouse bedclothes on her prison cot. No small irony, given that she utterly pegged the police's interest in her was the extreme violent mark visible in the photos she had taken to document Bernardo's beating. (The teenager was exactly the same as the one Kristen French was wearing the day she disappeared.)

And Karl has also been fighting about her plans to start a family. From her last days in custody, she was preoccupied with building a new life, planning out just what to tell potential suitors about her past. "She wishes to meet a man who believes in the moral value of marriage, who is educated, kind, who wants children," a prison psychiatrist wrote in 1998. "The defendant would love her mother like her, but no emotional background, and if possible" be attractive. (A productive fantasy that was certainly more wholesome than the ones she shared with Harnolka. Early in 1994, just weeks after Danny's death, she and Paul made a photographic videotape in which she masqueraded as her dead son: Lying in a post-coital embrace, she urged Bernardo to rape more young girls. "You can take their virginity. They'll be our children," Karl said, laughing.) In jail, Karl even made a bid to sign up for parenting classes, but was rejected on the grounds that her crimes involved minors.

Once released and free of her conditions, there were certainly no legal impediments to Harnolka's desire to reproduce. Despite the nature of her crimes, her manslaughter conviction meant that she was never classified as an offender (in fact, Harnolka had to make multiple requests before jail authorities agreed to let her participate in their sex-offender treatment program.) Cream-colored chemical contraception—drugs that lower the likelihood of pregnancy—was an option. And forced sterilization has been illegal in Canada since the Supreme Court's 1986 "Eve" decision.

Common sense (and evolution) itself suggests ought to be laid hard evidence to suggest that Harnolka's offspring face any greater danger than anyone else's kids. In large part, that's because there are so few other examples of female multiple murderers who have raised their children well still young enough to have children. The trend in women's corrections these days is to give offenders more, not less,

access to their kids. Most new jobs, like the project announced by Montreal's NDP government in April, are being built with nursery units and playgrounds, so mothers who give birth in custody don't have to hand their infants over to youth protection. With vast nursery officials often demonstrating far more violent, drug-related crimes, the notion is that children can be a key factor in rehabilitation, helping their mothers learn responsibility and providing someone to stay close.

And research into the children of inmates has tended to focus on the negative psychological and economic effects of separation from their parents, not what happens to the kids who are born after release and return home. For example, a recent British study found 48 per cent of boys who were separated because of parental imprisonment between birth and age 10 went on to have adult convictions. Other research points to greater risk of mental health problems, drug and alcohol abuse, unemployment and failed relationships. But relatively scarce attention has been paid to differences between the children of male and female offenders. And questions like whether the children of violent offenders are more likely to have problems have yet to be answered. "Researchers are still having trouble finding out what the effects of parental imprisonment on children are," Joe Murray, a developmental criminolo-

gist at Cambridge University, wrote in an essay. "And little is known about how these effects differ according to the type of crime parents have committed, and whether they are caused by enduring trauma."

Of course, in a case like Karl's, child protection authorities already have the option of stepping in and removing the infant from jail, or, potentially, harm. Quebec's *Loi sur la protection de la jeunesse* declares that professionals who come in contact with child are required to report "any suspicion" in which they have "reasonable grounds to believe that a child requires protection under the Act." There are suggestions that a nurse at the hospital where Harnolka gave birth lodged a complaint, but the provincial Order of Nurses denies any knowledge, as do those close to Karl. Sylvia Boudreau, Harnolka's long-time lawyer, says she knows nothing of the nurse, and has had little contact with her former client since the 1990 order was lifted in 2005. "I only know what I read in the paper," Boudreau, who shares a surname with Harnolka's new stepson, also flatly denied media speculation that the played any role in bringing the couple together. "There? Who's Thierry?" she snapped. "I have no idea if I related to him."

Calls to another Montreal lawyer who recently worked for Harnolka were not returned. And repeated attempts to contact her par-

**SHE TRIED SIGNING UP FOR PARENTING CLASSES IN PRISON BUT WAS DENIED BECAUSE HER CRIMES INVOLVED MINORS**



KARLA IN MONTREAL (left, prison); her lawyer (above right); and her partner, Bernardo



# RESPECT AT LONG LAST

## The Ottawa Senators rise from bankruptcy to the Stanley Cup finals

**BY CHARLIE CRISLER** • In addition to hosting a rarefied assemblage of hockey talent, the Ottawa Senators dressing room has the distinction of being home to history's downcast concourse. His foot that glances forward a protest, a gesture of respect when no one plays, a weary nod to hapless media types is permitted to tread. On game days, a team fanatically stands guard over the logo, staring out of town reporters to the margins of the arena. Nobody has tested the rule in its honor, says Steve Kozlowski, the team's director of communications—with a 1973 penalty minute was like Chris Neil in the vicinity, who would? But repeat offenders do get a dirty look, he says, and a "quack ward."

In hockey, there are superstitions, ridiculous repetitions, and then there are rituals that mean more to local fans. The Senators have a custom that falls into the latter category, and if you were blind to history in that neck of the hockey woods, you might consider this team's protest stance a wee bit contrived. But for a team that's been mired, written off as soft, or plain forgotten as often as the fans, respect has been a contemporary to be craved from nothing. Having failed to reach the Stanley Cup final in nine consecutive playoff runs, they get less of it than politicians who drop occasional pucks. In the absence of recent fan appearances, or fans around the league, carving in from a piece of rig in the basement of Soulard's Place probably seemed a reasonable alternative.

No more. This season, the Senators have not only secured a berth in the greatest show in hockey, they've done so in a manner a legendary coach would admire. Led by the most credible group of young players in the sport, the club lost only three games as it sailed through the first three rounds of the playoffs, winning 12 and making up a league-leading 48 goals. The team's top offensive unit—Dany Heatley, Jason Spezza and Daniel Alfredsson—rattled one-two three-play goals every one-third of the week, even as Detroit and Anaheim played on for the chance to battle the Sens for the cup. "We have more depth on our team than we've ever had," says John Maclean, Ottawa's general manager. "We've got a little bit of everything you would want to see in a lineup. Now we have to prove that on the ice."

The journey to this point has not been easy, though. Founded 15 years ago as the greatest drama of entrepreneur Bruce Karson, the club did not rise to prominence in the NHL until its first four years, making one spectacularly unfortunate last choice in its first round. Alexandre Daigle and dashing on-ice star Steve Kozlowski were traded to the Bruins. In 1997, however, the on-ice staff was looking up the Senators' record on modest off-ice

In 1995, businessman Rod Bryden took over the club from the near-insolvent Karson regime, but went deeper into debt to finance the new arena and keep promising talent from flying the coop. By January 2001, a deadly combination of escalating player salaries and a weak Canadian dollar drove the team into bankruptcy. The future looked bleak.

Today, with the Senators competing for the cup while making by the estimate of



**SENS CAPTAIN** Daniel Alfredsson scored the pivotal goal to eliminate the Buffalo Sabres.

## LED BY THE BEST GROUP OF YOUNG PLAYERS IN THE GAME, THE TEAM HAS SAILED THROUGH THE PLAYOFFS

renewed arena in what has Karson, they made the playoffs for the first time, and they seemed to be reaping the rewards of high draft picks like Alfredsson, Alexei Yashin, Wade Redden and Ilya Kovalchuk. Yet none of that promise ever translated into playoff success. While they routinely finished among the elite teams in the regular season standings, the Senators whined repeatedly during the early rounds of the playoffs, falling to opponents, grating inlets to the dismay of their once hopeful fans. Most miserable of all were losses in 2000, 2001, 2002 and 2004 to the real Toronto Maple Leafs, whose hometown supporters earned a chance to rub in Ottawa's failures. That loss finally resonated on the bank of financial crisis didn't help, either. For among fans that they'd disappear to the U.S. like the Winnipeg Jets and Quebec Nordiques

current owner Eugene Melnyk—more than \$100 million per game during the playoffs, it's hard to identify the team's problem. But a couple of events lined up. One is the appointment of John Maclean as general manager in 2003. The seasoned executive and former coach of the Edmonton Oilers inherited what he described as "a very good team" from outgoing manager Marshall Johnston. "But you have to learn how to win," he says from his office in Ottawa, "and it's not as easy as just saying it. It takes years and time, and we had growing pains here for a few seasons."

To recall that spirit, Maclean made a handful of personnel changes that utterly altered the complexion of the team. Faced with the challenge of signing top cover Marian Hossa under the newly unveiled salary cap, he scouted and drafted the enigmatic Slovakian and his US\$6 million contract to Atlanta in the summer of 2005. In return,

owner Steve Kozlowski, who played with the team, was traded to the Bruins. In 1997, however, the on-ice staff was looking up the Senators' record on modest off-ice

The owner Maclean was similarly dealt in replacing Zdeno Chára, six-foot-five defenseman who last summer signed with the Boston Bruins for a whopping US\$17.5 million over five years. Deprived of his No. 1 blue-



**THE ARRIVAL** of new owner Eugene Melnyk (top, right) and GM John Maclean (bottom) gave Senators fans a team to take pride in.

lines, Maclean filled the gap with Joe Corvo, a tough and talented free agent who had fallen under the radar as a Los Angeles King, as well as Tim Thomas, a starting defenseman acquired as a three-way deal with the Oilers and San Jose. The moves brought in character with a veteran's sacrifice as talent. In the meantime, the manager's faith in aggressive youngsters like Mike Fisher and Chris Neil paid big-time dividends. Together, they've transformed this year's Senators into a quicker, tougher squad than the one that stumbled many times before the Leafs.

One of the other parts that fell into place for the Senators, the most important may be their purchase by Melnyk, a pharmaceutical magnate who pulled the team out of bankruptcy in August 2009. The billionaire and former-Florida Panthers coach placed his part of the \$130-million deal. And he was the beneficiary of good timing, having arrived just before the introduction of the salary cap that gave small-market teams a fighting

chance. "It would have been a disaster under the old system," he says in an interview. "All but the teams in the strongest markets would have folded." And he comes with his own baggage, in the form of allegations of trading irregularities related to his firm, Novartis. But no one in Ottawa disputes the salary effects of deep discounted ownership. "I'll be the last to do anything like that," would an opinion piece in the Ottawa Citizen. "Melnyk has allowed Ottawa fans to think of the Senators as a hockey team and not a business."

As for past negatives, well, success began yesterday. In recent days, once-maligned former owners have been loaded for dissection that in retrospect seem sage. Melnyk,

Jacques Martin, who ran a GM in Florida. Drafters such as Al MacIsaac (first round, 1994), Wade Redden (first round, 2001), and Chris Phillips (fourth round, 1994) have become franchise anchors, while Ottawa's record of a successful pick in every entry-level prospect such as Andrei Meszaris, a talented defenseman, whom 25 teams passed up in the 2004 draft, and who now logs 30 minutes a game on the Senators' blue line.

The result is a team that looks, and will play like the one that belongs in the final. And in the glow that followed last week's win over the Buffalo Sabres, coach Brian Murray allowed himself to speak the words: "This was every team over the past 10 years that



this has been a very good, very competitive organization. Whether it was lack of the drive, bad luck or the one or whatever, they haven't given us a fair shot to prove something to them. I'm glad we won it all that."

It's the head of hockey normally heard from champagne. And while Ottawa's first Stanley Cup remains five wins away, their message suggests they mean the respect they've longed for all these years. There are poor things ahead for opponents—not to mention the excitement on the dressing room rug. Superstitions only-increase so long, after all, and the Sens may not need to protest this gay night longer. ■



**SPEED RECORD A COMFORTABLE ACHIEVEMENT**  
It's not just a record, it's a record in high-speed world. Last week, driver Matt Turner broke a 100-year-old record by driving a new, winning, winning a record of 147 km/h. Made by EDC China, maker of modular furniture, the sofa is officially listed legal for driving and will be used to make money for charity. Read Turner's story: "It was 'tendering.' You know what I mean? The previous record of 139 km/h was also set by a British car."



# 'MY MOTHER WAS THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE. WHEN I LOST HER, I THOUGHT I HAD BEEN PUNISHED.'—RACHIDA DATI, FRANCE'S NEW JUSTICE MINISTER, ON HER CLOSE FAMILY TIES

## CLIVE CUSSLER AN EXAGGERATED ADVENTURE STORY

The 75-year-old novelist, known for adventure books such as *Rambling Thomas*, lost a quarter-size agouti production company. Cussler's subsequent last work, but he also won. A trial in L.A. determined Cussler had inflated the number of copies of his book, *Thomas*, that were sold, from 10 million to 100 million. Cussler Entertainment turned the book into a Matthew McConaughey and Penelope Cruz film, which flopped. The jury found Cussler had lied about the supposed success of his books and ordered him to pay US\$5 million. But Cussler left the court hugging his fiancée, because the jury ordered the firm to pay him US\$5 million to release a previous deal to buy the film rights to a second book. Now that's an excellent adventure.

## FRED THOMPSON HAS MICHAEL MOORE MET HIS MATCH?

He's been a small-town attorney, a Wyoming lawyer, a *Working on It* guy, a Hollywood actor (Dierfield), a senator from Tennessee and then an actor again. Fred Thompson, 64, is a front-runner in the polls, although he hasn't formally run for a Republican presidential candidate. His conservative credentials led him to work when he was elected to the House and then to the Senate. Moore called Thompson's first run for Cuban gains hypocrisy and challenged the national Law & Order actor candidate. Moore later, Thompson reacted: "I've been looking at my schedule, Michael, and I don't think I have time for you." He had a sign clamped in his teeth.

## ANAMARIA MARINCA A STAR 4 MONTHS

She's like North Jones, Angelina Jolie and Juliette Binoche have been acting camera shyness on the red carpet, but the woman who had official canonization last week was an unknown—Anamaria Marinca, the star of *4 Months*, *1 Wife* and *2 Days*, a harrowing drama from Romania about a woman's struggle to survive in a war-torn country. She's a Romanian actress known for her role in *Sex Traffic* (2004). She emerged as an early candidate for best actress. Can't it be a serious look for the future of international film. And now they're talking about Romania as world cinema's new hot spot.

## BILL WYMAN FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL TO METAL HEAD

Of all the products one might expect a rock star to endorse, metal detectors are surely not high on the list. But this didn't stop Bill Wyman, bassist for the Rolling Stones from 1963 to 1993, and now chairman for the Bill Wyman Signature Metal Detector. The device—which Wyman credits for his "serious treasure-hunting performance"—is meant to help treasure and archaeologists find all sorts of goodies, the modern prospector. Wyman boasts of one amazing ancient coin, blades and the start of a medieval tomb for "Metal detector is not just for treasure hunters." Wyman says "It's probably the best and most enjoyable way of learning about our history." Perhaps expecting disappointed buyers, he adds: "Don't be surprised if you see a lot of rubbish."

## GREG LEMOND BREAKING THE CODE OF SILENCE

Turns out there's an honest-to-goodness lefty cyclist. Former Tour de France champion Greg LeMond created a stir last week at an arbitration hearing for fellow American Floyd Landis, insisting that he had urged Landis to come clean about alleged doping violations following the athlete's 2006 win. LeMond spoke to him out of concern for the sport, but the encounter led to an example of how doping cycling has grown. LeMond revealed that Landis's manager, Will Geoghegan, phoned him the night before his appearance, threatening to disclose that LeMond had been sexually abused as a child. LeMond volunteered the admission and the admission at the hearing. "I think they didn't want me coming here," LeMond said. "There's a side of Floyd the public hasn't seen."

## RACHIDA DATI A MOTHER'S DAUGHTER MAKES GOOD

When, in 2005, then-senator into race Nicolas Sarkozy described racism in Paris suburbs as "racism," it was his immigration adviser, Rachida Dati, who scoffed at his feelings. Her staff paid off last week when new President Sarkozy appointed her justice minister. Dati, 41, is the first person of North African origin to hold high office in France, and here is a classic success story: her mother died when she was young, for Dati to raise her siblings. "My mother was the light of my life," she said. "When I lost her I thought I had been punished." She earned degrees in law and economics, advised by Patrick Buisson, and served as Sarkozy's spokeswoman during his recent campaign. The week he awarded her for her hard work. Mother would have been proud.

CLIVE CUSSLER: JEFFREY MAYER; FRED THOMPSON: JEFFREY MAYER; ANAMARIA MARINCA: JEFFREY MAYER; GREG LEMOND: JEFFREY MAYER; RACHIDA DATI: JEFFREY MAYER

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# CANNES WITH A CAUSE

**Just ask Brad or Angelina or Leonardo. Stars can't afford to take a pass on world politics.** BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

film

A wharf in Cannes: A line backs up to a yacht and designer Jessica Simpson into a blaze of camera flashes a rare row crop of red carpet. The talked-queens, famous for being famous, get right to work, polarizing the TV megaphones one by one, as a handler circles her tiny mate and thrusts her down the line. She talks about her overnight shift as Jennifer from Miami, her desire to be Goldie Hawn, and her role as an actress who joins the Marines in Major Motion Star, a film that does every vista. I've walked myself into the green lane, and when you turn corner, don't look about to play a soldier. It seems like to all of the supports the war has been hardest. "I will not overseas on that, but I do support the troops."

Waving money. These days, major movie stars can't afford to take a pass on world politics. Just ask George or Brad or Angelina or Leonardo. They arrived as icons on the state-visionary side at the 60th annual Cannes Film Festival this past week. And each demonstrated that a social conscience is one necessary no celebrity can afford to be without. Under the new politics of studios, global compassion is as vital as hair and makeup. Deflecting the media spotlight as the world's privilege is an antidote to the violence of fame, the glare of the paparazzi, and the neoliberal lifestyle. Consider it the showbiz version of carbon credit.

George Clooney was in Cannes to promote a Hollywood blockbuster that celebrates the joyful/poignant/funny/reflexive of a woman. But at the same time, the delectable star of *Ocean's Thirteen* was masterminding another kind of feast. Anyone hoping to tap a glass of champagne with George had to fork over US\$300,000 a head to attend a party held over on a yacht, with proceeds going to Darfur.

Leonardo DiCaprio has gone a long way to moughing up his Titanic image as a sea lion heart throb. But in Cannes, he came across like a



ON A PRODIGY: Pitt and Jolie team up at the Cannes festival, across Sans Frontieres

a younger, more delicate Al Gore as he launched *The Inevitable*, a rare environmental documentary—poising on the red carpet one year after Gore presided as *An Inconvenient Truth* on the same spot.

Then there was the extraordinary apparition of Brad Pitt, which was tantamount to a royal visit, and signed enough flash-bulb writings to power a small African country. But Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie were on a mission—to produce and star of *A Mighty Heart*, the harrowing story of Red Cross journalist correspondent Daniel Pearl, who was beheaded by jihadists in 2002. It was a *Warrior* spectacle, the world's prime celebrity couple, turning the world's attention to the politics of journalism and jihad.

The days of studio controlling actors, and matching their political and sexual profile, is long gone. In the 1960s, Marlon Brando was one of the first to back the civil by becoming an outspoken advocate for civil rights and Aboriginal justice. And Brando, a

documentary he showed in Cannes, reminds us that, even before he returned into exile, the actor was virtually ostracized by Hollywood for doing what is now routinely expected of celebrities. But then it felt anachronistic, Brando was not a brand.

On the anniversary, Cannes was rife with nostalgia for cinema as a dying art. With the Internet burrowing into the gate—Gus Van Sant used MySpace to recruit his amateur cast in *Paradise Lost*—you wonder if we're witnessing the end of stardom as we know it.

Nowhere was the paradox of modern celebrity—a top person moving substance—more keenly focused than in the press conference for the premiere of *A Mighty Heart*. It was Brad and Angelina's first press conference with a media juggernaut. In a strategic coup of spin control, the couple sat far apart on the stage, dividing attention to the uneasy symmetry between Jolie and the women sitting next to her—author and journalist: Marjorie Pearl, whom she plays in the movie. A French beauty of Dutch and Afro-Cuban descent, Daniel Pearl's widow wears a striking resemblance to Jolie. And as she spoke with sharp eloquence in English and French, she was as majestic as her screen surrogate.

*A Mighty Heart* is a far cry from a Hollywood movie. Shot in Pakistan and India by British filmmaker Michael Weller (who was welcomed to Sarajev), this intense vérité drama tries to do for kidnapping and murder what *United 93* did for the 9/11 attacks, conveying the tragedy as a complex event. As the daughter and pregnant Marjorie, Jolie proves there's a power across behind the celebrity sadness. As Marjorie, with news of her kidnapped husband, every time she leaves her Karachi apartment she must run a gauntlet of reporters at the gate. And for Jolie, who spends her life dodging the paparazzi, it's eerie to see her playing a journalist caught in the crosshairs of her own profession.

So in the press conference, I asked her the obvious question: how'd it feel to play these paparazzi scenes, and did the movie change her view of journalism? "It's the opposite of what you'd expect," she said. "I felt sorry for her, thinking 'My God, what must it be like











AMONG THE HOTTEST possibilities at Taste: The 4th Series are Queen of Piss, King of Piss, Queen's Blood, The Legend and Wet Piss

## Hot enough for you? No? Sign here.

To try some of these fiery sauces, you have to testify that you are of age and not drunk

**BY ANNE ROSENBLUM** • The food world isn't much given to celebrating the days of its most dazzling accomplishments. Take, I was never invited to an all-you-can-eat live pig-purry to celebrate the 2,000th anniversary of the day an inspired Roman farmer thought to stuff whole bunches of pigs into a pot that did not work any—and then kept it for a month or so just to see what happened. So I figure I'm right in thinking you must have no idea this happens to be the 200th anniversary of that seminal American production—officially bottled hot sauce.

"The first North American hot sauce was produced in 1807 in Massachusetts—but no one can remember the name anymore," confides Gerry Mitchell, president of the Salvatore Corp., which operates a pair of hot sauce emporiums called Taste: the 4th Series in Toronto and Los Angeles. One Taste we all know—Edmund McIlhenny's iconic brand of Louisiana pepper poppers, vinegar and salt—didn't reach the market for another 50 years. But by the turn of the century the McIlhenny Co. (Taste's owner had teamed up on spot shelves around the world and had owned the international market ever since.

Then, in the 1930s, some thing else to me even-livier revolution got started in the world of hot sauce, and now we have many hundreds of brands and flavors to choose among—and even a book, published to answer the never-potted question: "Why are South Americans so fond of 'The Hot Sauce Diet'?" By Span Amersdom, who seems to have lost 70 lb. in a year simply by gorging his sauce on everything he ate.

I do not intend to meet any of them, but I do keep a revolving supply of half a dozen or so hot sauces in my fridge, none of them called

Tabasco. Looking forward last week before heading out to market, I found a Scotch rose and mango number with a fire-breathing doorknob on the label named Volcano Au, some Amersdom, a few handmade concoctions from local restaurants, and of course my trusty bottle of Scorpion Wings.

Gerry Mitchell appeared decidedly weary, proud with the lot, and a quick scan of his shelves yielded many promising alternatives. A bottle of Marm Golden, maybe, or some Queen of Piss, Maiden's Man, King of Piss, Canadian Piss, Dinosaur Devil, Satan's Blood, Before 2, Jack Your World, Luscious Love, Crazy Jerry's Marmad Gals, or just the King of Piss. "Every one is 16 year old girl walks into the store she walks out with one of those," Mitchell says, unsurprisingly.

The incredible thing about the story of new sauces is just how late they got. There is no confirmation for these called a Scorpion Unit (SHU), used only after the turn of the last century by one Wilbur Scoville, who tested his taste on the skins of the peppers of sugar water required to completely neutralize the flavor of a drop of hot sauce. By which measure McIlhenny's Tabasco sauce weighs in at a mere 2,500 SHU, while Tabasco's is a ridiculous 80,000. But nobody's concerned even that it is to be hot anymore because Taste now offers a package of what will likely be your last.

a pure distillation of passion—a hot paper's acute heat-yielding ingredients—that means it's an utterly intense 7.1 million SHU.

And while this sort of nastiness was largely confined to retail, it didn't even reach to the point of being sold in the store. I think it's worth while to sacrifice the few rascals they possess on the altar of tradition, consumer behavior—outside of 16-year-old boys—is apparently hard to predict. "I've had a big battle in here with what we wanted, we thought it was the way we wanted, followed by something pretty fine, but it's not 2.5 million Scovilles isn't steady bar," Mitchell says with a shrug.

He himself never samples anything higher than 2.5 million SHU, and his limit for testing from a spoon—as opposed to, say, the prick of a pin—is 200,000 SHU. Which is the last time he says that he encourages his buyers to stop even thinking about it. To be precise, you are free to buy hotter sauces here if you want to, but you must first sign a waiver stating that you are of age and not drunk.

So did, and I did claim to be a hot sauce brand of what he called the "Holly Rites" of hot sauces, called "The Legend," from California of Columbus, Ohio, a pure blend of red and green habanero pepper (577,000 SHU), as well as a dash of onion, some onion, some vinegar, and one that tastes like an intense paprika that met with an accident in Gog Gog's kitchen. Must that I really need, I suppose, but at least your yardstick, but must be a hot burning well beyond rest. ■



**TODAY'S SPECIAL • WILD HIBISCUS FLOWERS**  
When champagne gets to be boring, dress it up with brilliant wild hibiscus flowers presented in paper. Series is Australia and hand-picked 1946 pins, the flowers are used to be depicted in the culture of a champagne flute. When ignited by the wine, they open up like a spring-like display. The blossoms can even be eaten—the manufacturer says they have a sweet raspberry melon-like flavor.



WORDS OF wisdom for divorcing couples: Not Paul McCarty and Heather Miller don't fall for the myth that a handshake lawyer is the best

## Beware of the too-helpful spouse

A lawyer talks about the many traps you can fall into when a divorce starts getting ugly

**BY JULIA MCKINNEY** • If you're considering divorce, there's a new book you might want to invest in, *Divorce Wars: A Field Guide to the Winning Tactics, Preemptive Moves, and Sign Masters When Leaving Lives*, by J. L. written by Jeffrey Leving, the U.S. lawyer who was the one to create Billie Gates with his father in Cuba. The book's strategy title might be off putting if you believe that deep down you and your partner are inherently nice, you can smile that amicably that leaving means that divorce is transformative. "People who are ordinarily emotional and controlled become vengeful, abusive and money obsessed."

Among the "Big Early Mistake" not to make, he says, is letting your spouse convince you that leaving means you'll lose money. He or she may tell you it will save money, but the odds on the person making the suggestion has something to hide. You should also refuse to sign any papers. You might be asked, for instance, to sign an agreement in which you promise never to "smile your spouse, or abuse, or control, or commit other acts" (which you may never have committed, but signing an agreement makes it seem as if you have.) And never agree to a spouse's sudden request that you are a therapist to treat your depression, anger or other psychological condition. She may tell you therapy will help solve the marriage, then use the therapy against you in divorce. Ask yourself: "If my spouse has a strong belief in therapy during my marriage?"

If you are married with paper (there is nothing more embarrassing than having a police officer serve you with papers at work), remain calm, never leaving. There's a good chance the tactic is calculated to cause an emotional reaction. "Remember your spouse knows how to pull your strings, and the way you choose to pull them when these attorneys are in your court, or have a recording device turned on in the room."

Avoid difficult lawyers. Don't fall for the myth that a tough, take-no-prisoners lawyer is best. "When there is one difficult lawyer, the odds are good that the divorce will be costly and unpleasant," Leving says. "When there are two difficult lawyers, the process will be ugly." And watch out for emotional lawyers who tell you how great they are. "I have observed people going through divorce who tell their attorneys that they are the best lawyer they ever had, but they are not. The emotional lawyer might think, 'Screw him, I'm through working with you and off he goes. I'm going to go through the motions.'"

Don't should you have a family friend to represent you. If your lawyer friend is on the verge of leaving you, you may end up in front of a judge, rather than compensating outside of court. The best divorce lawyers have experience, intellect and objectivity, says Leving. And just because he or she works for a big name firm doesn't mean they'll be any good when negotiations get ugly. During the initial marriage, ask the lawyer what percentage of his or her cases result out of court. "It is significantly less than 70 per cent."

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**HOT IMPROVED PAUL BURRELL**  
Oscar's former butler was accused of stealing the late Princess of Wales's property, a charge that didn't hold up a court. Since then he's built a new life on TV, most notably creating a reality show called *Andrews Princess* in which he makes over ordinary girls. And he seems to be building a career in a media career. Last week he compared Diddy's relationship to a "beast." "Gawker" the name in the 3:30 at 10pm. And he's being loved.

## SANDY WILSON

1943-2007

## An artist and teacher, she couldn't say no to starting an art program for Malawian orphans

**S**andra Ann Wilson, née Waters, was born on Oct. 31, 1941, in Ocala, Fla. As a girl her family had little money—Sandy's father Rose struggled to establish himself in the radio business, while Norma, her mother, was an abstract painter—and they drifted between Driller and cabinet on nearby Lake Couchichewick or in Walkway, where she and her two younger brothers, Mike and Jim, attended a one-room school.

While she was not a strong student—weak in both spelling and math—at home her mother taught her to draw and paint. At school she was protective of her brothers and intervened in playground scraps. And she learned Jim was about 6 when, rebuffed by the trash store Santa, Sandy on him down "you can believe or not believe," she recounted. She was on high school when her father took a position as a radio station manager in Bradford, where Sandy graduated before heading to teacher's college in Hamilton. "Ever since I was a little girl I wanted to be a teacher," she said, despite her own school room hardships. She was soon a Grade 3 teacher in Bradford. She met Jeffrey Wilson, another teacher, in 1966 when he drove almost of her out on the highway and engaged her in high-speed badinage. They married and stayed together six years, separating prior to the birth of daughter, Lesley, in 1972.

Six years later, Sandy returned to Hamilton to study art history and painting at McMaster University. There she met Valerie Leung, a British-born widow with two young daughters. To Valerie, an immigrant alone in Canada, Sandy was "this strange Canadian woman" whose conversations left her a darkness she associated with the Hollywood actresses of her youth. Sandy would never understand a comparison to her hero, Audrey Hepburn. It was, says Valerie, "like old-world was in new." Soon they shared a farmhouse in Jerseyville, outside Bradford, where Sandy threw up a white picket fence and the couple grew the vegetable tables they ate at table. While Valerie shooed the cooking and marmalade duties—"It was just like Rose and Alice," says Lesley, who grew up with Valerie's daughters, Vanessa and Nikolas—Sandy taught art and drama at Bradford College's Institute, where she would teach for the next three decades. With her husband and lack of pro-

vide she did the suffer fools—she could teach even the most difficult students, in particular those from the nearby So. Nations reserve. Though she appeared flustered in class, she was in fact a shrewd operator, even persuading students to manage her life. An energetic traveler, she led class trips across North America and Europe and with her mother, sailed to the Galapagos on a small, much-adorned ship.

A cottage on a finger of land just west of Pike Bay, on the Bruce Peninsula, became a paradise of birdwatching, driftwood scavens-

ing, and, on Saturday nights, old-time music courtesy of CBC Radio's *Rockin' the 40s* (Sandy, a guitar player, learned the 1949 hit *Spurn in the Sky*). There she carved or painted watercolors. "It was her secret desire to become an artist," says Valerie. Something else passed word, too: the love, some girlfriends, longed to go to Africa—a journey postponed by a malign, cancer growth found on an ovary in the early '90s. Sandy began confiding in Cuccia, her English Setter Weimaraner cross, and leaving medical bills paid covered after the traditional care of her status students. The recipe worked: Sandy recovered completely—and then recovered again some years later when she did fall with breast cancer. Those battles with death fed a newfound spirituality that found expression in large carvings she made in driftwood of winged women reminiscent both of angels and the figures once found on the pines of old ships. "They were her alter gods," it came to view her as a Victory figure, says Valerie.

Though she'd moved in 1993, Sandy's love of teaching remained as strong as ever. Earlier this year a friend asked that she establish an art program at the Home of Hope Orphanage in Malawi. She could not say no. For four months she raised money for the trip, selling her own savings and gathering supplies for the orphanage. When she left two weeks ago for a six-week stay—leaving Valerie behind—her suitcase bulged with pigments, paper and artworks by Bradford-area children, which she hoped might inspire the orphans to create their own art for the school's stark bare walls. Minutes after landing on May 9, on the road to the orphanage, an exploded tire threw Sandy, 65, from the vehicle. She died within the hour at an area hospital.

BY NICHOLAS KÖHLER



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